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THE

MOSS ROSE:

A

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

EDITED BY

S. G. GOODRICH.

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1847

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THE STRANGER'S NEPHEW;

OR, THE

HUMORS OF GRÜNWIESEL.*

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "UNDINE."

I.

In the southern part of Germany lies the town of Grünwiesel. This is a small market town, as are most of the towns in that region. In the centre of it you see a square with a fountain, on the north side of which stands a little old court-

* These Humors of Grünwiesel are a translation of W. Hauff's amusing extravaganza, "*Der Affe als Mensch.*" Though occasionally touching upon the borders of improbability, they are a good-humored satire, cutting and comic, — the palpable hits of Hamlet; and, welcome as they may be to lovers of laughter and glee, they are but too applicable, we fear, to many a large as well as small town, beside the German Grünwiesel. — *Trans.*

house; and around it rise the dwellings of the justice of the peace and the more respectable shopkeepers, while the rest of the inhabitants live in a few narrow streets. Nothing under heaven here remains unknown; the most private events are viewed as public property. So well does every one know what is every where going forward, that, when the principal clergyman, the burgomaster, or the physician, has a rare dish on his table, the whole town never fail to get scent of the news at dinner. When, in the afternoon, the females meet to pay visits, as they are called, and while drinking strong coffee and eating sweet cake, they share with one another the important gossip they have been able to pick up or make; and the conclusion of the whole matter is, that no doubt the chief minister has been most unchristianly dabbling in the lottery, and drawing one of the highest prizes; or that the burgomaster has been shrewd enough to butter his bread on both sides; or that the doctor has pocketed many a piece of gold from the apothecary, as a bribe for his letting him make his prescriptions dear. You may easily imagine, kind reader, how vexatious it must be for such a well-ordered town as Grünwiesel, to have a man come there of whom no one knows whence he

comes, what his business is, and how he is to live.

Now, as fate and mischief would have it, just such a man one day arrived there. The burgomaster, it is true, had examined his pass, and remarked at one of the doctor's coffee-parties, that it was all perfectly correct, so far as directed from Berlin to Grünwiesel, but that not a word was said of his journey before, or of his former place of abode — circumstances that looked not a little mysterious. As the burgomaster was a man of the greatest consideration in town, there was nothing wonderful in the stranger's being regarded as a suspicious person from the very day of his arrival. Besides, his conduct afterward was far from removing this early prejudice. With a few pieces of gold, the stranger hired him a whole house, which had for some time stood unoccupied; ordered quite a wagon-load of strange furniture, such as stoves, shovels, tongs, pots, kettles, and other utensils for kitchen use, to be brought; and from that hour lived all alone, and for himself alone. Yes, he even cooked his own food; and not a soul entered his house but an old man of Grünwiesel, whom he employed to buy bread, meat, and vegetables; still more, this man was permitted to

come no farther than the ground floor, where the stranger received his purchases himself.

The commotion thus raised in this small town was excessive. The man never amused himself, like others, in playing nine-pins in the afternoon; never went to the tavern in the evening to smoke his pipe and talk over the news. In vain did the burgomaster, the justice of the peace, the doctor, and the principal minister, one after another, invite him to dine or take coffee; he invariably excused himself. In consequence of this unsocial spirit, some considered him as mad, others suspected him to be a Jew, while a third party stoutly maintained that he was a conjurer or wizard. Thus passed eight or ten years, and still the town called him "THE STRANGER GENTLEMAN."

II.

One afternoon, about this time, some people happened to come into town with a show of animals from foreign parts. It was one of those strolling caravans, which have a camel that kneels, a bear that dances, with dogs and monkeys that look so comical in boys' clothes, and play all sorts of diverting tricks. These wanderers commonly march through a town, stop in

the cross streets and squares, make a miserable discord of music with a small drum and fife, set their troop to dancing and leaping, and then collect what money they can at the doors of the houses. Now, the most attractive animal which these strollers had to exhibit on their present visit, was a remarkable ourang-outang, almost as large as a man, that walked on two legs, and knew how to perform a great variety of ingenious tricks. These grotesque comedians, of the dog and monkey school, came also before the house of the stranger; and at first, when the drum and fife struck up their din, he appeared, through his dim, unwashed windows, to be exceedingly annoyed; but soon after, to the surprise of every body, he looked out of a window quite amused, and laughed heartily at the feats of the ourang-outang; nay, he threw out so large a bit of silver for the entertainment he had had, that it became the talk of the whole town.

Next morning, the menagerie moved forward to another town; the camel had to carry a number of baskets, in which the dogs and monkeys were stowed away very commodiously, while the beast-trainer and the baboon followed the camel. But not many hours had passed, after their leav-

ing the town, when the stranger sent to the post-house, and, to the extreme astonishment of the post-master, requested him to order a carriage and extra post-horses to be got ready for him; and with these he set off in the same direction in which the animals had gone. The town's people were all in a pheese of vexation, because they couldn't learn where he was journeying.

It was already night, when the stranger returned in the carriage, and drove up to the town gate; but another person was sitting by his side, who had pressed his hat hard down upon his forehead, and bound a silk handkerchief over his mouth and ears. The recorder, or clerk of the gate, considered it his duty to address the new stranger, and ask him for his pass; but he replied in a gruff and grumbling voice, while he muttered something in a language wholly unintelligible.

"He is my nephew," said the stranger to the clerk, in a friendly tone, as he slipped some pieces of silver into his hand — "he is my nephew, and he understands but few words of German as yet; he has hardly been able, on account of our stopping him here, to keep himself from cursing us to our teeth."

"Why, if he is a nephew of yours," replied

the recorder, "he may be admitted without a pass. He will doubtless live with you."

"Certainly," said the stranger; "and he will probably remain here for a long time."

The clerk of the gate making no further objection, the stranger and his nephew were admitted. The burgomaster and the whole town were much dissatisfied with the clerk. He had been so fortunate, however, as to catch two or three words of the nephew's speech; and from these he could easily ascertain of what country both he and his uncle were natives. Now, the recorder was sure that they were neither French nor Italian, but that they had much of the broad brogue of English; and if he was not mistaken, the young gentleman had blurted out the words, "G— D——!" once or twice.

In this manner the clerk got himself out of his difficulty, and helped the young man to a name; for nothing was now spoken of throughout the town but the young Englishman; and those two words were considered his name.*

* See the amusing note to Pye's Translation of Aristotle's POETIC, where he alludes to this whimsical mode of detecting an Englishman. — *Trans.*

III.

But the young Englishman was not to be seen at nine-pins, or in the beer-cellar, any more than his uncle, although in another way he gave the people business enough to do. It often happened, for instance, that such fearful screams and sounds of alarm proceeded from the stranger's house, (which was usually so still,) that crowds of people stopped before it and looked up. The young Englishman, wearing a red frock and green pantaloons, was seen, with bristling hair and a frightful look, running incredibly swift from room to room, and from window to window; the old stranger pursuing him in a red night-gown, a hunting-whip in his hand, and not seldom failing with his random strokes to hit him; but it sometimes seemed to the crowd in the street below, that he must have given the youth a genuine switching; for they caught the keen cutting of the whip, and the consequent shrieks of suffering. The females of the town took so lively an interest in this barbarous treatment of the young foreigner, that they finally moved the burgomaster to examine the matter. He wrote the stranger a billet, in which he reproved him in severe terms for his

cruel usage of his nephew, and threatened, if there should be a repetition of such scenes, to take the young gentleman under his own especial protection.

But who could be more astonished than the burgomaster, when, for the first time in ten years, he saw the stranger enter his room? The old gentleman made an apology for his conduct by mentioning the strict command of the young man's parents, who had committed him to his care to be educated; he was quite a discreet and clever lad, he said, except in his extreme slowness in learning languages; it was his strong desire, that his nephew should gain some fluency in speaking German, in order that he might take the liberty of introducing him to the society of Grünwiesel; and so great was his difficulty, his obstinate stupidity rather, in mastering the language, that he judged he could do nothing better for him, than give him now and then the wholesome discipline of the whip.

The burgomaster was perfectly satisfied with this communication: he advised the old man to be more gentle in his discipline, and told his friends at the alehouse in the evening, that he had seldom met with a man so agreeable and well-informed as the stranger. "It is a thousand

pities," he added, "that he comes among us so rarely; I suspect, however, that the moment his nephew has made some proficiency in German, he will visit our circle more frequently."

IV.

By an incident slight as this was, the opinion of the town altogether changed. The stranger was esteemed a judicious man; all desired to have a more intimate acquaintance with him; and, when a horrible outcry was occasionally heard in his solitary dwelling, it was viewed only as the natural course of things. "He is giving his nephew a lesson; he is teaching him to speak German!" observed the inhabitants of Grünwiesel, and then, quite satisfied, passed along.

In about three months the lessons in German seemed to be finished; for the old gentleman now went a step farther in giving his pupil accomplishments. There was a lame old Frenchman living in the town, who taught young people dancing and the graces. The stranger sent for this man, and told him it was his wish that he should give his nephew some instruction in dancing. He informed him that he was in general quite docile, but that, so far as dancing was concerned, he was rather self-willed. He had,

not long before, he said, taken lessons of another master; and yet, after all his drilling, he could not well be admitted into company; but still his nephew looked upon himself as a first-rate dancer, although his dancing bore no resemblance to waltz or gallop, to the Scotch fling or the French pigeon's-wing. He moreover promised to give him a dollar an hour; and the dancing-master was glad to undertake the instruction of this wild and wilful pupil.

Nothing under heaven could more exceed all power of imagination, as the Frenchman swore with a great oath, than this same hour of dancing. The nephew, rather a tall and slender youth, though he had legs remarkably short, appeared beautifully dressed in a red frock, wide green pantaloons, and glazed gloves. He spoke little, and with a foreign accent, showing himself, at first, quite well behaved and clever; but on a sudden, he often made the most whimsical springs, danced round and round the room with the wildness of frenzy, and then went through with such furious cross-capers, as well nigh deprived the dancing-master both of hearing and sight. When he tried to put the madcap right, he snatched off his elegant dancing-pumps, threw them at the Frenchman's head, and scampered

round the room on all fours. Roused by this tumult, the old gentleman rushed from his room, dressed in a wide scarlet night-gown, a gold-paper cap on his head, and with his hunting-whip switched and switched the back of his nephew. His nephew then set up a terrible outcry, sprang upon a table and high chest of drawers, and even leapt upon the large cross-piece of the window-frame, where he clung in terror, showing his white teeth, and wildly sputtering his strange, foreign gibberish. But the old man, in his scarlet night-gown, so far from being disconcerted at all this, seized him by the leg, pulled him down, and lashed him severely. He then grasped his neckcloth, and, by means of a buckle, drew it tighter; on which the hare-brained stripling showed more gentleness and propriety of manners, and the hour of dancing went on without interruption.

But when the dancing-master had advanced his pupil so far, that he was able to add music to the business of the hour, the nephew seemed to experience a favorable change. A town musician was hired, who was directed to sit on a table in the hall of the lonely house. The dancing-master then stood up as a lady, while the old gentleman put on him a woman's silk gown and

an East India shawl. The nephew bowed to his partner, and now began to dance and waltz with him; but so furious and indefatigable a dancer was he, that he never permitted the master to escape from his long arms. Groan and cry out, "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" as manfully as he might, still, in spite of all his groaning, and Mon Dieuing, he was forced to continue dancing, until he sunk down overpowered with fatigue, or the arm of the musician became stiff with fiddling. These hours of teaching brought the dancing-master almost to his last figure and rigadoon; but the dollar, which was every time punctually paid him, and the good wine, which the old gentleman was liberal in providing, made him return unfailing as the hour, although the day before he had firmly resolved never to enter the house again.

The people of Grünwiesel, however, viewed this affair in a quite different light from what the Frenchman did: They were persuaded that the young man had many fine qualities to recommend him in society; and the ladies of the town, in the great dearth of gentlemen, rejoiced in the hope of having so expert a dancer at the balls of the coming winter.

V.

One morning, when the servant-maids came home from the market, they told their mistresses a wonderful piece of news. They had seen a magnificent carriage, with lamps and glass windows, standing before the solitary house: it had beautiful horses harnessed to it, and a driver in a rich livery was holding the reins, and cracking his whip. The door of the lone house was then opened, and two gentlemen, in splendid apparel, walked out, of whom one was the old stranger, and the other was probably the young gentleman who found it so hard to learn German, and who danced so wildly. They both stepped into the carriage; an attendant sprang up behind; and the carriage, as it appeared, drove directly up to the house of the burgomaster.

When the women received this account from their domestics, they instantly tore off their kitchen aprons and soiled caps, and put themselves in elegant trim. "There is nothing more certain," said they to their families, — while all were scampering up and down to prepare their visiting parlors, which were not seldom used for many other purposes, — "nothing *can* be more certain, than that the stranger now means to

introduce his nephew into the world. The old dotard has not been civil enough these ten years to set foot within our doors; but we forgive him now for the sake of his nephew, who will be a charming man." Thus they spoke, and told their sons and daughters to be very polite, when the strangers came, to keep themselves erect, and pay more than common attention to their pronunciation.

The shrewd females of the town had not been mistaken in their conjecture; for the old gentleman went round with his nephew to call upon the families in course, and to recommend both himself and him to their favor.

The townspeople were every where much taken with the two strangers, and regretted that they had not made their delightful acquaintance more early. The old gentleman discovered himself to be a worthy and intelligent man, who slightly smiled indeed at whatever was said, so that you could not be certain whether he were serious or sarcastic; but he spoke of the weather, the country, the pleasures of summer at the beer-cellar by the mountain, with such judicious thoughtfulness, that every one was enchanted with him.

But the nephew! How was it with him? He

charmed every body, gained golden opinions from the whole town; in a word, he won all hearts to himself. Whatever, indeed, you might say of his person, you could not call his face beautiful; the lower part, especially the jaws, was too prominent, and his complexion was rather too brown; besides, he made all sorts of odd grimaces, shut his eyes, and kept showing his teeth; but still all found the cut of his features remarkably interesting. Nothing could be more flexible or full of motion than his figure. It is true, the garments he wore seemed to have been thrown upon him; but however unfashionable might be their hang, they were all admirably becoming in *him*. He jumped round the room with incredible activity, threw himself upon a sofa here and upon an arm-chair there, stretching his legs out at full length; but what in another young man would have been viewed as in the highest degree vulgar and indecorous, passed with the nephew for the noble daring of genius. "He is an Englishman," was the common voice, "and it is all natural in them: an Englishman may fling himself upon a sofa, and fall asleep, while ten ladies are obliged to stand up round him without a seat; so you must take nothing amiss in an Englishman." To the old gentleman, his uncle,

he was very submissive; for when he began skipping about the apartment, or, as he was fond of doing, drew his feet up into his chair, one stern glance from his uncle's eye was enough to bring him to order. And how could one take his wild humors ill, when the uncle never failed saying to the lady of the house, "My nephew, dear madam, is as yet rather rude and unpolished; but I promise myself much advantage from a society that will form and fashion him to propriety; and therefore I earnestly commend him to your kindness!"

VI.

In this manner was the nephew introduced into the world; and all Grünwiesel spoke of nothing on this and the following days but of an event so arresting. The old gentleman gave up his recluse habits; he seemed to have entirely changed his modes of thinking and living. In the afternoon, he went out with his nephew to the rock-cellar by the mountain, where the more respectable gentlemen of Grünwiesel loved to drink beer and play nine-pins. The nephew showed himself a perfect master of the game, for he never knocked down less than five or six: now and then, indeed, a wild spirit would come

over him; throwing the bowl, he would rush after it, and raise a mad shout of triumph among the falling pins; or sometimes, when he had knocked them all down, he would in a moment be standing on his beautifully frizzled head, and kicking his legs up in the air; or, if a coach were passing by, he would spring upon the top of it, ere any one was aware of his intention, make grimaces to those below, ride on a few rods, and then leap down and join the players again.

Whenever such scenes took place, the old gentleman used to beg the burgomaster and the other men to excuse the ill-bred vagaries of his nephew; but they only laughed, and ascribed them all to his youth, observing that, at his time of life, they were themselves just as lightfooted as he, and that they loved the frolicsome young whirligig, as they called him, all the better.

There were times, however, when they were equally offended themselves; and still they never ventured to open their lips, because the young Englishman was universally allowed to be the glass of fashion, and the perfection of taste and good sense. The old gentleman was wont to take his nephew in the evening to a public house in the town, called the Golden Stag. Now, although the nephew was as yet quite a youth, he

was fond of aping the manners and customs of the aged: he would gravely seat himself with a glass of wine before him, mount a monstrous pair of spectacles, draw forth a huge pipe, light it, and puff away with the bravest of them. When conversation arose concerning the news, whether of war or peace, the doctor would broach this opinion, and the burgomaster that, while the rest of the gentlemen would be greatly astonished at the depth of their political knowledge; but the whim would suddenly enter the nephew's brain to advance an opinion altogether different. He would raise his hand, from which he never took off his glove, strike the table with violence, and, fastening his eyes upon the burgomaster and doctor, make them clearly understand, that they knew nothing at all of the matter; that he had received quite another version of the affair, and possessed a more profound insight. He then, in shockingly broken German, tried to make some exposition of his views, which all, to the extreme vexation of the burgomaster, applauded as truly admirable; for, as an Englishman, he must naturally be much better informed.

The burgomaster and doctor, not daring to give vent to their wrath, sat down to a game of chess, when the nephew immediately sidled up

to them, looked over the burgomaster's shoulder with his huge spectacles, found fault with this move or that, and, pointing, told the doctor he must put his piece here or there, so that in their hearts they were both of them almost maddened with rage. The burgomaster was so excited, that, with a view to giving him his match, he challenged him to play with him, for he esteemed himself a second Philidor; but the old gentleman buckled his nephew's neckcloth tighter, on which he became more mannerly, and sat down to play with the burgomaster.

It had been customary to play cards at Grünwiesel almost every evening, and for a halfpenny a game; but the nephew now deemed this a miserable pittance, putting down crown-pieces and ducats, and boasting that no one played so well as he, though he usually appeased the offended gentlemen by losing large sums to them. They made this no matter of conscience, not in the least scrupling to take his money from him; "for he is an Englishman, and as rich as Crœsus," said they, as they pocketed his ducats.

VII.

Thus the nephew of the stranger gentleman became in a short time a person of no small

estimation, both in the town and its vicinity. There were none who were able to recollect having heard of such a youth in Grünwiesel within the memory of man; and all said he was the most remarkable personage they had ever seen themselves. You could not say that he had ever learnt the least thing in the world, except, perhaps, dancing. Latin and Greek, as the familiar phrase runs, were nothing *but* Greek to him. A party once met at the burgomaster's house, and played the social game in which every one is required to write something, when it was discovered that he couldn't so much as write his name. In geography he made the most shameful blunders; for it was no uncommon thing with him to put a German city in France, or a Danish one in Poland. He had read nothing, studied nothing, and the chief clergyman often shook his head thoughtfully at the young man's gross ignorance; but at the same time you found whatever he did or said was exquisite; for he was so impudent, that he always claimed to be in the right, and the upshot of the matter seemed to be, "I understand all that much better than you!"

VIII.

Amid these pastimes and pleasures came the season of winter; and now the nephew appeared in still greater glory. Every party seemed to drag on wearily, where he was not present: whenever a man of sense made any remark, there was a general yawn; but when the nephew uttered even the most stupid stuff in a wretched jargon of German, the company were all ear. It was now discovered, that this admirable young man was also a poet; for no evening could well pass away, in which he did not draw forth a manuscript from his pocket, and, in a mumbling voice, read the company a number of sonnets. There were some persons, indeed, who described many of these poems as senseless trash, and that they were so unfortunate as to have read the rest of them somewhere else; but the nephew suffered nothing to disconcert him; he kept mumbling and mumbling, and then, in the same tone, seemed to be descanting on the beauties of his verse; and every time he did so, followed a thunder of applause.

But the balls of Grünwiesel, — these were his grand triumph. No one could dance more nimbly or more indefatigably than he; none made

such bold and elegant leaps as he. Besides, his uncle always dressed him in the most splendid apparel, cut in the newest and most fashionable style; and although his garments, do what you would, never set very gracefully, still all acknowledged that they were infinitely becoming to him. The gentlemen, indeed, were somewhat displeased with his dancing, on account of his novel mode of procedure. Heretofore, the burgomaster had invariably opened the ball in person, while the more respectable of the young men had the privilege of arranging the rest of the dances; but, since the appearance of the foreign young gentleman, this courtesy had been abolished as obsolete. Without so much as saying, "If you please," he took the nearest lady by the hand, stationed himself with her at the head of the set, and acted in every respect as if he were master of the ceremonies and king of the ball. But, in consequence of the ladies highly approving this new etiquette, the gentlemen durst make no objection to it; and the nephew continued to enjoy his self-assumed dignity.

These balls appeared to give the old gentleman the greatest delight; he never turned his eyes from his nephew; kept smiling to himself; and, when all the world came crowding up to

congratulate him in relation to so graceful and well-bred a youth, he was unable to contain the fulness of his joy, breaking out in merry peals of laughter, and discovering almost the dotage of a fool, but the people of Grünwiesel ascribed these unusual demonstrations of joy to his great love for his nephew, and viewed them as all perfectly natural. At the same time, he was compelled now and then to treat his nephew with the authority of a father; for the young man would take it into his head, in the midst of his most elegant dancing, to make a bold spring upon the scaffold where the musicians were sitting, snatch his bass accompaniment from the hand of the organist, and scratch and rattle it fearfully; or he would all at once cast himself down and dance upon his hands, while he stuck his feet up into the air. On such occasions, his uncle used to take him aside, give him a severe reproof, draw his neckcloth more close, and thus restore him to propriety of manners.

IX.

Such was the nephew's behavior in company and at balls. Now, with respect to manners, those which are bad are always more easily imitated than the good; and a new fashion that is

striking, even when it is in the highest degree ridiculous, has something in it very attractive for young people, who have not yet reflected upon themselves or the world. This was the case at Grünwiesel in regard to the nephew and his peculiar manners. When youngsters from fifteen to seventeen saw how welcome he was with his awkward gait, his rude laugh, his senseless chatter, his coarse answers to his elders; that such conduct, instead of being censured, was prized as indicative of a daring, independent, or finely-touched spirit — this was the conclusion to which they came: "There will be no great difficulty in becoming a spirited clown like him." In past years, they had prided themselves in being studious and clever scholars; but now their cry was, "What's the use of learning, when ignorance is so much more successful?" So they threw away their books, visited places of general resort, and drove their horses up and down the streets full speed. Heretofore they had been gentlemanly in their deportment, and courteous to every one; they had waited till their opinion was asked, and then made answer with grace and modesty; but now they looked upon themselves as having attained the rank of men, stood chatting with them as with equals, advanced

their opinions with confident assurance, and, when the burgomaster made a remark, laughed in his face, telling him, with effrontery, that they understood all that much better.

Formerly, the youth of Grünwiesel had shrunk with horror from all rude and vulgar behavior. Now, they sung all sorts of indecent songs, made use of monstrous pipes in smoking, and got into tavern brawls and embarrassments; they bought them huge spectacles, when they could see perfectly well without them, set them astride their nose, and now fancied themselves to be made men; for they were accoutred just like the famous nephew. Both at home and when they were visiting abroad, they stretched themselves on the sofa in their boots and spurs, rocked their chairs in good company, or, resting their elbows on the table, supported their heads with both hands — a sight most charming to see. It was of no avail that their mothers and friends represented to them the folly and impropriety of all this; they appealed to the illustrious example of the nephew. It was of no use to tell them that a certain national rudeness was excusable in the nephew, as a young Englishman; the youngsters of Grünwiesel maintained that they had just as good a right to be ill mannered, in a spirited

way, as the best Englishman in England; in short, it was a calamity that the good manners and old-school usages of Grünwiesel were, by the nephew's bad example, completely undermined.

X.

But the joy with which the young novices viewed their wild, unrestrained freedom, was of short continuance; for an event took place, which at once changed the whole scene. The enjoyments of the winter were to close with a grand concert, which was to be partly performed by the musicians of the town, and partly by the musical amateurs of Grünwiesel. The burgomaster played the violoncello; the doctor touched the bassoon with uncommon skill; the apothecary, although he was not accounted much of a player, blew the flute; some young ladies of Grünwiesel had learnt airs, songs, and sonatas; and every thing was in the most promising preparation. The old stranger then observed, that a concert of this kind would certainly be delightful, but that a duet was evidently wanting, since a duet was viewed, in every regular concert, as indispensable. This observation caused no little perplexity: the daughter of the burgomaster, it is true, sung like a nightingale; but

where should they get a gentleman who could sing a duet with her? Allusion was at last made to the old organist, who had once sung an excellent bass; but the stranger remarked, that this was not at all necessary, as his nephew was quite remarkable for his musical attainments. All were much astonished at this new discovery in the gifted young man; they pressed him to give them a specimen of his vocal powers, and with the exception of some peculiarities of manner, which were regarded as English, he sung like an angel. A duet was learnt with all speed, and the evening at length arrived, on which the ears of the people of Grünwiesel were to be ravished by the concert.

The old stranger, we regret to say, was unable to witness the triumph of his nephew, owing to indisposition; but he gave the burgomaster, who called to see him an hour before, some directions how to manage his nephew. "He is a fine fellow, that nephew of mine," said he; "but now and then he falls into a whirl of the wildest vagaries, and then his mad scampering commences I am therefore sorry that I cannot be present at the concert; for before me he takes good heed to himself, and he well knows for what reason. This, too, I must say to his

credit, — that his freaks do not spring from a wayward viciousness of *mind*, but purely from an exuberance of animal spirits, that is inherent in his nature. Would you be so kind, Mr. Burgomaster, should he chance to fall into his wild humors, — jumping upon the music-desk, attempting to manage the bass, or the like, — would you just loosen his high neckcloth, or, if that should not bring him to order, take it wholly off, you will see how gentle and well behaved he will be."

The burgomaster thanked the sick man for the confidence he had reposed in him, and promised, in case of necessity, to do as he had advised him.

The concert hall was excessively crowded, for all Grünwiesel and its vicinity were there. All the huntsmen, ministers, officers, landlords, and the like, within the circuit of three leagues, came pressing in with their numerous families, to share this rare enjoyment with the inhabitants of Grünwiesel. The town musicians performed excellently well; next to them ranked the burgomaster, who played the violoncello, accompanied by the apothecary, who blew the flute; after these, the organist gave a solemn chant with universal applause; and even the doctor

got a good share of clapping, when he startled the ear with the deep tones of his bassoon.

The first part of the concert was now finished, and all were eagerly expecting the second, in which the young stranger was to give a duet with the daughter of the burgomaster. The nephew appeared in a dress of great magnificence, and had been long attracting the attention of all present. He had, without leave or license, plumped down into a gorgeous arm-chair, in which a neighboring countess was to have been seated; he stretched his legs far out before him, stared at every body through a monstrous quizzing-glass, which he sported in addition to his huge pair of spectacles, and played with an overgrown mastiff, which, notwithstanding the order for excluding dogs, he had introduced into the company. The countess, for whom the arm-chair had been prepared, came in; but the only person who was not prompt to rise and make room for her, was the nephew; he, on the contrary, adjusted himself still more comfortably in his seat, and no one ventured to whisper in his ear the slightest hint of his ungentlemanly conduct. The distinguished lady was obliged to take quite an ordinary straw-bottomed chair, among the females of the place — a circumstance that

was as disagreeable to herself as mortifying to others.

During the admirable execution of the burgomaster, the fine chanting of the organist, even while the doctor was pouring forth his wild bassoon voluntary, and every one held his breath and listened, the nephew kept making the dog fetch and carry his handkerchief; and then he would set up a loud jabbering with the person who sat next to him, so that all who did not know the young gentleman, were amazed at the vulgarity of his manners.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the company were quite impatient to hear him sing his duet. The second part began; the town musicians performed a short overture, when the burgomaster led his daughter up to the young man, handed him a sheet of music, and said, "My lord, would it be agreeable to you now to sing the duetto?" The young man laughed, showed his white teeth, leaped up, and both father and daughter followed him to the music-desk, while the whole crowd were in the hush of expectation. The organist struck the note, and motioned to the nephew to begin. He gazed upon the notes through his enormous glasses, and uttered a sort of howl the most hideous and

doleful. But the organist shouted to him, "Two notes lower, your excellency! C is the note you must strike — C!"

But, instead of striking C, the nephew pulled off one of his shoes, and flung it at the organist's head, making the powder fly like a mist. When the burgomaster saw this, he thought within himself, "Ha! now his animal affections are upon him again;" and, springing to where he stood, he grasped him by his neckcloth, and made it much looser; but this only excited the young man still worse; he spoke German no more, but the strangest Babel jargon under heaven, which nobody understood, and made astonishing leaps. The burgomaster was in despair at this unpleasant disturbance; and, having the impression that something very extraordinary must be the matter with the young man, he took the uncle's hint of entirely freeing him from his neckcloth. But hardly had he done this, when he stood petrified with horror; for, instead of a human skin and complexion, the youngster's neck had a dark-brown hide; and the moment he leaped higher and more wildly, he struck his gloved hands into his hair, tore it furiously from his head, and — O wonderful change! — those beautiful locks were nothing but a wig,

which he threw in the burgomaster's face; and his head now appeared covered with the same brown hide!

He jumped over tables and benches, overset the music-desk, crushed and trampled upon fiddles and clarionets, and seemed to be perfectly frantic. "Seize him! seize him!" cried the burgomaster, quite beside himself; "he is out of his senses; seize him!" This was no easy matter; for he had pulled off his gloves, and now showed his fingers armed with nails, with which he gave the people's faces a woful scratching. At last a stout huntsman succeeded in mastering him. With a strong grasp, he pressed his long arms hard together, so that he could do nothing but kick with his feet, and laugh and scream with his hoarse voice. The people gathered round, and looked at the strange young gentleman, who now bore only a caricature resemblance to a man; but a learned naturalist, who lived in the neighborhood, and possessed an extensive collection of curiosities in natural history, with a great variety of stuffed animals, pressed through the crowd, carefully examined him, and, struck with wonder, exclaimed, "My God! how came you, gentlemen and ladies, to admit this animal into the society

of human beings? He is a monkey—the *Troglodyte man* of Linnæus! I will give six dollars for him, the moment he is brought to me, and will add him to my collection!"

XI.

Who can describe the astonishment of the people of Grünwiesel, when they heard this! "What! a monkey, an ourang-outang, in our company! The young stranger nothing but a common ape!" they cried, as they looked in one another's faces, all stupefied with amazement. They would not believe, they could not credit, what they had heard; the men carefully examined their spirited young friend; but he was, and he continued to be, no more than a monkey, or, at most, a gentleman baboon.

"But how can this be possible?" cried the burgomaster's lady. "Has he not often read me his poems? Has he not dined with me like a real man?"

"What!" exclaimed the doctor's lady, with passionate displeasure—"what! has he not once and again drank coffee with me? Has he not smoked, and learnt to talk German, with my husband?"

"How! is it possible?" cried the men. "Has

he not played nine-pins with us at the rock-cellar, and got into a heat in talking politics, just like one of us?"

"And how can it be?" they all asked in grief and mortification. "Has he not led the dance at our balls? An ape! a monkey! It is marvellous, it is magic!"

"Yes, it is sorcery and devilish enchantment, a vision of the black art!" cried the burgomaster, as he produced the neckcloth of the nephew or monkey. "Behold! here is the charm, which has rendered him so admirable in our eyes, attached to this neckcloth! It is a broad strip of elastic parchment, inscribed with all sorts of mysterious characters. I think it is Latin. Is there no one here who can read it?"

The chief minister, a learned man, who had lost many a game at chess in playing with the ape, came up, looked at the parchment, and said, "No, no; it is not Latin. The words are merely written in Roman letters, and read thus:—

'YOUR.APE'S.A.WONDROUS.FUNNY.
FELLOW.
AT.LEAST.WHEN.MUNCHING.APPLES.
MELLOW.'

Yes, yes; it is some witchcraft, some delusion

of hell!" he continued; "and its author ought to suffer condign punishment."

"He SHALL suffer it!" exclaimed the burgomaster, and immediately set off to seize the stranger, who, beyond all dispute, was a sorcerer; while six soldiers of the town guard carried the ape; for the stranger was to be instantly hurried before a magistrate for examination.

Surrounded by an immense crowd of people, they soon reached the solitary house; for every one was anxious to see how the matter would end. They knocked at the door; they pulled the bell; but all in vain: no one appeared. The burgomaster was inflamed with fury, and, ordering his men to burst open the door, rushed up to the stranger's room. But nothing was to be seen there, except various articles of old household furniture; the stranger was nowhere to be found. But a large sealed letter lay on his table, addressed to the burgomaster, who in trembling excitement opened it. The letter ran thus:—

"MY EXCELLENT FRIENDS OF GRÜNWIESEL!

"When you read this line, I shall be no longer in your little town, and you will have already discovered the quality and country of my be-

loved nephew. Please to receive the joke which I have enjoyed at your expense, as a good-natured warning not to urge a stranger to mix with your society, when he prefers to live retired. I really felt myself too good to have any thing to do with your everlasting gossip, your wretched customs, and your ridiculous modes of life. I therefore educated a young ourang-outang, to whom, as my representative, you have given so heartwarm a welcome. Farewell, and make the best use in your power of the lesson I have given you."

It is not necessary to say that the Grünwieselites were excessively ashamed, and that they became the laughing-stock of the whole country. Still their comfort was, that they had been made the victims of an unnatural imposture. But the young men of Grünwiesel were most ashamed, in consequence of having viewed the baboon's animal habits and wild antics as worthy of imitation. From that day forward they avoided leaning upon their elbows; they left off rocking and tilting back their chairs; they were no longer so intrusive as to advance their opinion till it was asked; they laid aside their pipes and spectacles, and became as well behaved and gen-

tlemanly as they had been before; and whenever any one happened to be guilty of such bad habits and awkward manners, the Grünwieselites would exclaim, "That has a smack of the stranger's nephew!" or, "Has our noble acquaintance, the young master of the ceremonies, come to town again?"

To conclude our story:—The ape that had so long played the part of a young gentleman, was delivered to the learned naturalist. He feeds him, allows him to course round his court at will, and shows him to strangers as a curiosity; and there he continues to this day, *at home* to all who come to make him a call.

Painted by R. Cook.

Engraved by A.B. Durand.

THE SWISS BOY'S FAREWELL.

Sweet River Rhone! sweet River Rhone!
Thou playmate of my earliest day!
I've wandered many a weary mile,
And yet along thy banks I stray.
Mount Furca* now is far behind,—
That cradle which we both have known;
And this, they say, is France; but still
I'm with a friend, sweet River Rhone!

I'm with a friend whose every wave
Leaps gayly by my father's door,
And many a pleasing thought I've had
To see thee there fret, foam, and roar.
I've wondered, in my childish dreams,
If in thy tide some sky was thrown,
To make thy waters all so blue,
So like to heaven, sweet River Rhone!

The glaciers at old Furca's top
Did seem thy cold, blue, nursing mother,
And thou an infant chill and lone,
Toddling from one rough stone to t'other.

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* The source of the Rhone is at the foot of one of the Alps, called Mount Furca.

But soon thou learned'st to leap and run,
And then at last thou went'st alone;
Yet brighter ever didst thou flow,
When I was there, sweet River Rhone!

And now we've come together here,
By many a turn, through many a dell,—
O'er rock, and crag, and beetling wall,—
To part at last—to say farewell.
We part,—for thou must seek the sea,
And go thy way to me unknown;
And I must on to Paris hie,
As lost to thee, sweet River Rhone!

Farewell! nor deem them idle tears,
That down my cheek unbidden flow;
For now thou seem'st my dearest friend,
Thou'rt linked with home and parents so.
Farewell! but rest and ease shall be
To these young limbs unsought, unknown,
Till, blest with wealth, the Swiss return
To home and thee, sweet River Rhone!

STANZAS

BY F. S. JEWETT.

The sweet voices of evening are lost in the gale,
And the spirit of tempest exults o'er the tale;
But the darkness of midnight in vain shall depart,
For the voice of the storm is the voice of the heart.

And the promise of youth, and its gladness, are o'er;
And the smile of existence shall charm me no more:
On my brow is revealed the pale signet of grief—
Of the cankerous blight that asks no relief.

Like the oak of the forest when dauntless in pride,
I stood with the sunlight of love by my side;
Like the oak when the red wing of lightning had passed,
I was bowed, for that love was struck down by the blast.

I have dreamed—'twas of bliss; but my dream woke in tears,
And the gloom was yet deepened by gathering fears;
For hope fled away, and, wearied with care,
I sunk to repose on the couch of despair.

The curtains of midnight no figures reveal;
Through the temple of silence no whispers can steal
As dark as that curtain, as still as that cave,
As rayless and silent,—my heart is a grave.

AN OMITTED PICKWICK PAPER,

RESTORED BY POZ.

CHAPTER CCXIV.

Showing Mr. Weller's Views relating to Matrimony, with a slight Touch at Widowhood.

As soon as the church services were over, Mr. Pickwick, according to the arrangement previously hinted at, mounted the Stanhope, in company with Mr. Weller, senior, who, after comfortably settling his coat-flaps, adjusting his cravat, and collecting the reins in due style, flourished the whip, and the horses rattled off at a smart pace.

The united weights of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Weller served to trim the vehicle admirably; and the smooth, rolling motion seemed to inspire an equally smooth current of thought, while it was favorable to the delivery of such ideas as presented themselves.

"A very good sermon," said Mr. Pickwick;

"very impressive in the manner of delivery, and full of proper rules and suggestions for persons entering upon the married state."

"Why — yes — your honor," slowly conceded Mr. Weller. "It was all werry vel, cordin' to the notions of folks in gineral; werry much arter the style of '*The Young Usband's Own Book*,' and that sort o' thing. But still, folks as had hexperence sometimes thinks that their own thoughts is more waluable to themselves than any book stuff. Cos vy? It sounds mighty vell; but 'taint never practical. Sammy alvays says, 'Give me practice, and not precept, as the starving doctor said to a friend as was adwisin' him.'"

"I should really like to have some of your views on the subject," said Mr. Pickwick. "I have no doubt that they would prove highly instructive, and I am sorry that Samuel is not here to profit by them."

Mr. Weller gave a sly glance at his friend. The idea that Mr. Pickwick was beginning seriously to think of committing matrimony himself, flashed for a moment across his mind; but in the calm expression of Mr. Pickwick's countenance, he saw at once that he had no other desire than that of gleaning knowledge, wherever it could

be found; and, feeling much flattered at the compliment, promptly replied, —

"My views," says he, "is short and comprehensive, and amounts to pretty much wot I told Sammy, the last thing afore he went to church. 'Sammy,' says I, 'as you are now henterin' on a new road, one as proves smooth to some, and rough enough to the mejority; it vouldn't be right for a old un, and like your father, not to give you some hints how to steer. I sees, by your snickerin', that you don't think I've any great claims to dexterity in drivin' on that road myself, and shouldn't set up for a teacher of the art. But recollect, Sammy, that a man as has been vunce taken in, orlers remembers it, and avoids bein' taken in the same vay: — consekens is, he knows how to teach others to avoid it. Now, Sammy, vot I have to say is — you bein' married, all you have to do is, to make the best on it.'"

"A plain and valuable truth, and clearly expressed," interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Weller resumed, — "'It's true of vimmen as osses, that they needs a tight rein. My difficulty has bin, that I'm by natur too complyin'. Avoid that weakness, Sammy, for it's nat'rally in your blood, and try to be hobstinate. In that

vay, you'll make yourself respected and looked up to by your vife. Alvays contredict her in little things, Sammy: it lets her see that you think more of yourself than her; and venever she begins to cry, Sammy, to make you give in, — for all vimmen is up to that gammon, sooner or later, — then, on the werry fust symptoms, have ready a good, strong, leather strap, and lay it about her till she veeps in airnest. This is a werry good cure to fits of that kind, and I only vishes I had tried it myself, early. But the chief part of your duty, Sammy, is not toward yourself or your vife, but to the world in ginral. It is, to take care of your health, so as to live a good long life, and not die fust."

"'A man, Sammy, as dies before his vife, is of consekens guilty of a haynous offence to society and to her. He leaves a voman as might have bin a ornament to 'siety, in a new character. She becomes a vidder, Sammy, and there's no tellin' how much mischief she von't do, as long as there's breath in her body. I'm so persvaded of the importance of this 'ere view, that venever I sees a man as loves his vife a lamentin' an' sorrowin' over her fallin' away, it seems to me unaccountable that he will shut his eyes to the consolin' fact, that she's as good

as insured against splitting on the rocks of vidderhood.

"'Vidders, Sammy, has, from time 'memorial, had their names up for mischief, and an aggrawatin' propensity to set up their own Ebenezers. They say that there's not a line in the Bible that don't teach some mortal truth. Now, jist take the story about the vidder and the unjust judge. Afore I was married to your mother-in-law, Sammy, I never thought much about that story. I thought, as I dessay many does, that it was written 'ginst lawyers and judges. P'raps it was, in part; but the 'sential pint is, to warn you against the insinivations of vidders. The last time I read it, it made such a impression on me, that I can say it all off by heart; and it goes this vay: — Now, listen unto vot said the unjust judge. "Thof I fear not God, nor care a damn for any man, yet owin' to the aggrawatin' cryin' and hauntin' of this vidder by day and by night, I'm determined to let her have her own vay."

"'In Ingy, Sammivel, (vere they has had the lights of hexperience for ages, bein' as it is vun of the oldest settled places,) in Ingy, they contrives it so as never to have any vidders. They burns 'em alive, Sammy, reglar as their usbands

dies. I've no doubt that, in that country, men is healthier and better natur'd than here; it must foller as a nat'ral consekens.'"

When Mr. Weller had at length finished, Mr. Pickwick, after a thoughtful pause, observed —

"Some of your deductions are so bold, and contrary to most of our habits of thought, (prejudices they may be,) that I am hardly prepared to pronounce an opinion on them at present. One thing, however, I must say; and that is, that rarely, if ever, have I received such a succession of entirely new ideas, and better expressed; that is," added he, with some qualification, "more plainly spoken."

The reader will observe that we have been at some pains to give in full the peculiar views and sentiments which were entertained by the strong-minded though uneducated Mr. Weller. One further illustration remains to be given, and this chapter will be finished.

In Mr. Pickwick's library, a small, hot-pressed, quarto edition of a certain book, entitled "Hints to Married People," had remained quietly in its morocco binding and gilt edges for several years. On the morning after the above conversation, Mr. Pickwick handed it to Mr. Weller, senior, with the request that he would have it

read aloud, and favor him by making marginal notes of such thoughts as occurred to him.

In the course of a month, it was returned, and Mr. Pickwick had the pleasure of finding every chapter marked at the end in a strong, bold hand. One or two were thought by Mr. Weller to be worthy of the epithet "GOOD;" but nine out of ten were set down as "GAMMON."

THE MADONNA.

A TRANSLATED SKETCH.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

The day had been sultry. Resolved to avail myself of the approach of evening to catch a breath of fresh air upon the sea-shore, I provided myself with a guide, and sallied from the gates of Syracuse. Before wandering far, I suddenly caught a view of the most interesting group my eyes had ever beheld. Upon a high, square pedestal, in a niche which on one side had suffered from time and the elements, a marble image of the Madonna stood before me. Countless creeping plants twined around the shrine; a gentle breeze played among the dark-green leaves which intercepted the last rays of the setting sun, and threw their tremulous shadows upon the pale marble face of the image. The dark clouds that were rolling up from Etna, were tinged with a golden purple; and before me lay the sea, quiet and unruffled as the blue heavens it reflected.

Mount Etna, the sun, the sea — what were they, compared with the maiden who knelt before the image of the Virgin, with her family, in prayer? — The fires of Etna flashed in her deep blue eye, and, as I afterwards learned, the commotion of the volcano was but too true an exponent of her troubled heart. Her mouth was slightly parted; she prayed. But, alas! the voluptuousness of earthly passion glowed upon her swelling lip. Convulsively she clasped her delicate and almost transparent hands, while irrepressible emotion was legible in her trembling frame. I saw at once that she was no common worshipper. Her humid eyes constantly wandered from the marble image, scanning the distance with such earnestness and power, that, had I stood upon the summit of Etna, or lain in the depths of the sea, that look would have drawn me irresistibly thence. It was but too evident that those eyes had lost some object which no Madonna could restore to their longing sight. Her fair mother, upon whose placid features sat the blessed light of inward peace, knelt by her side. The mother was teaching a little girl of about six years to pray, and pointing to a cross sculptured upon the square stone pedestal. In a cradle near

them lay a sweetly-smiling infant, with its innocent eyes directed toward the cross and the Madonna above it. There were also others, women and maidens, kneeling before the image; but I heeded them not — absorbed as I was in the contemplation of the strangely-expressive face of that praying girl.

"*She, also, prays in vain!*"

Shrinking with sudden terror, I gazed around. Had my guide spoken? "Did you say something, Geronimo?"

"Yes, my lord — I meant that prayer would never help the fair Marcella more."

I was silent.

"Old Etna has been a long time quiet. Pietro will soon rise again from the sea, and drag her with him under the waves."

These words, to me, were perfectly enigmatical. Etna — Pietro — I could not seize the connection. Geronimo perceived it.

"So you know not the story?"

"What story?"

"Of Pietro and Hermosa. Fifty years are now past and gone."

"What was it, Geronimo?"

"Pietro was the handsomest youth in Syracuse; Hermosa, the fairest of Marcella's family.

Pietro was poor; Hermosa, rich. Pietro loved Hermosa. So far it is a common story. They could not be united; — how natural! Hermosa must marry another.

"During a terrible eruption of Mount Etna, poor Pietro, here, from this place, — I know not exactly how, — threw himself into the sea. But he had no rest there: at times he comes again upon earth, in a form so fair and seductive, that the maiden who unfortunately beholds, must love him, and is irrevocably lost. On the evening before the wedding-day, Pietro sinks again beneath the waves, leaving his betrothed in despair. Hermosa was his first victim; the sea closed over her beauteous form. Eight days ago, Marcella's betrothed lover disappeared. I am satisfied he was no other than Pietro, and that he will surely compel her to follow him. He usually does this during an eruption of Etna. She is the fourth maiden of whom Pietro has robbed her family. How sad it is to know her impending fate, and be unable to afford her succor!"

* * * * * * *

Six months afterwards, I found myself again in Syracuse. My first visit was to the Madonna's shrine. The same family were kneelin-

before it. Marcella's mother and sister were clad in deep mourning. Marcella was not there. The benignant face of the Madonna was now completely hid by the luxuriant vines. She hears and sees no more. The large cross was partially covered by the foliage, and seemed to have increased in size.

Old Geronimo wept while he related to me how the delicate form of Marcella became a prey to the fury of the waves.

I am not superstitious; but I could not look upon the little child in the cradle, upon the sea beneath, and Mount Etna above me, without a shudder.

Drawn by C. S. Newton. Engraved on Steel by Geo. B. Ellis.

TO THE DREAMER.

Sleep on! I would not break thy dream,
Fair lady, for its tale is sweet:
Sleep on! for soon its magic beam
Will fade, and tell the cheat.

Sleep on! for angel wings are o'er thee,
Strewing thy paths of thought with flowers;
And love, a moment, doth restore thee
To Eden's loveliest bowers.

Sleep on! for 'tis alone in this
O'er walls of Paradise we steal,
And seem to know the unmingled bliss
That innocence may feel.

Sleep on! for when, alas! we wake,
Expelled, we tread a world of care,
Where, if the rose of joy we take,
The thorn — the thorn is there.

THE MISER.

Life is a journey — death a darksome coast,
Where we must enter, a soul-freighted bark,
And, all despoiled, resign each earthly boast,
Part from the shore, and cleave the ocean dark.

The Miser, torn reluctant from his gold,
A shivering pauper, o'er that sea is hurled.
He strove on earth, till heap on heap was told,
Yet went a bankrupt to the other world.

Not one heaven-current penny in his purse,
A bosom only stored with guilty care,
To grumbling heirs his wealth is left a curse,
Here lost in life and death, the *millionnaire*.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Let him who has never suffered from the horrors of bashfulness, pass by this article. He will find here nothing with which he can sympathize. But he who knows the exquisite misery of a temperament whose very nature almost shuts him out from human sympathy, while it opens him the full sluices of laughter and ridicule,—he only should read, for he only can understand, this chapter of my sufferings. It is but a specimen of my life. *Ex uno disce omnes.* To all others it will be only a sealed fountain; and, as they pass it by in the proud consciousness of the unspeakable blessing of impudence, let them thank Heaven that its waters can never flow for them.

As my object is but to give a specimen of the numerous *contre-temps* that incessantly beset me, the moment I appear in ladies' society, I shall merely speak of those that befell me at the only dinner in Paris, to which I was invited. Though laden with introductory letters, I never delivered another.

I pass by the various efforts I made, before I could muster sufficient resolution to deliver to

Madame O. the one that procured for me, and a friend who came with me, the dinner in question. I pass by, too, my trepidation at the everlasting peal with which the bell responded to my timid touch. Scarcely could I distinguish the *Parlez au Suisse*, over the porter's lodge where probably Swiss never stood since its erection. I pass by, too, several minor blunders; such as asking the porter to direct us to "*la chambre de Madame*," meaning her drawing-room. Suffice it to say, that my less nervous companion, dictionary in hand, boldly led the way; that having traversed a goodly number of courts and stairs, we at length arrived safely at an ante-room, where stood a servant before a pair of folding doors, which he threw wide open, and announced us by a pair of names, that we should never have recognized as our own, had we met them elsewhere.

Already agitated, and perspiring with nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode of entrance, so different from the republican simplicity to which I was accustomed, was a formidable trial to me. My cheeks tingled, my knees trembled, and my heart beat violently. I slunk silently behind my unabashed companion, and endeavored to gather sufficient courage to conceal the tremor that shook me like an ague-fit. Madam O. rose to receive us; and, as we approached her, it became neces-

sary that I should *deploye* from behind my friend. But, in so doing, I did not notice a large pet dog, who, comfortably stretched on a red velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mistress, directly in my path. On I went, anxious only to get through the introductory ceremonies as soon as possible, and then to ensconce myself in some remote corner, where,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

I might escape all notice or remark. But truly says the French proverb, "*L'homme se propose, mais c'est le bon Dieu qui dispose;*" and very unfortunate were his dispositions for my intention. As I hastened on, all glowing with confusion, and quaking with fright, just as I began my bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, and was suddenly precipitated head foremost, like an ancient battering-ram, into the lap of Miss P.; overturning episodically a countryman of my own, who was seated next her, balancing his chair on its two hind legs. To save himself, he instinctively grasped the back of her chair; and his weight at her rear, acting at the same moment that I was hurled at her in front, decided all hesitation, and over we all rolled together, the chairs uppermost. The vile cur, who had been at the bottom of the whole mischief, seized me by the leg, and, receiving a hearty kick in return, added his howling to

the chorus of dismay that now filled the apartment. Happily, the female sufferer in this *mêlée* engrossed all the sympathy and attention of the company; but I well knew, that in the short minute that had elapsed since I entered the apartment, I had made three mortal enemies, of a man, a dog, and lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible crash, covered with confusion and shame, I retreated into the most obscure corner of the room, where I sought to hide myself and my overwhelming mortification behind the guests who were lounging about there.

The call to dinner served as a relief to my embarrassment; for I hoped that that would engross every one's attention, which now, I could not help feeling, must be occupied with my awkwardness. Following the company into the dining-room, I saw that each plate contained a card, on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy the place thus designated. Every one seemed to find his own place by magic; but for me, four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed, I know not but I might have continued running about unnoticed among the crowd of servants all dinner-time, had not Madame O.'s eye at length detected me as I circled round and round, with an hysteri-

cally-increasing rapidity, my eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration bedewing every pore of my body ; and I at length sunk into my seat, when found, fairly exhausted with mortification and shame. Here, again, I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which, having observed that all retained in their hands in the drawing-room, I still grasped with nervous pertinacity. This I at length disposed of, as I thought at the time, with wonderful ingenuity ; for I hung it by the brim between my knees, spreading my handkerchief over its open cavity.

My seat was next to a young lady, whom of course I was expected to entertain. I entertain ! Wofully, already, had I entertained the company ! but I found myself infinitely better adapted to entertain a company *en masse*, than *singulation*.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner now commenced. Soup and bouillie, fish, and fowl, and flesh ; *entremets* and *hors d'œuvres*, while a regular series of servants appeared each instant at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different dishes, and as many different kinds of wine, all under strings of names which I no more understood, than I understood their composition, or than they did my *gaucheries*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate

silence, saying "*oui*" to everything that was offered me, and eating with most devoted application, till, in an evil hour, my fair neighbor, weary of my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation, by inquiring how I was pleased with the opera. The question was put at an unlucky moment. I was just raising a large morsel of potato to my mouth ; and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens ! it was hot as burning lava. What could I do ? The lady's eyes were fixed on me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in flames. In vain I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were straining from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which I believe she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh *now* when I think of it.

"*Monsieur est malade ?*" at length she gently, and in an anxious tone, inquired. I could bear no more. My mouth was flayed with the burning mass, and smarting with intolerable pain ; so, quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to its utmost, and out dropped the infernal firebrand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to a smile visibly ruffled the imperturbable politeness of

the lady. She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics; till exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually, my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could even join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of every action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no one call himself happy before death," said Solon; and he said wisely. The ides of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard-pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately, my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table; and when my fair neighbor inquired if I were fond of *chou-fleur*, I verily took it to be the French for custard-pudding; and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was soon bountifully laden with it. Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to Heaven that the *chou-fleur* had vanished along with it. But that remained bodily; and, as I gazed despondingly at the huge mass that loomed up almost as large, and as burn-

ing, as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully on against the diabolical compound. I endeavored to sap the mountainous heap at its base, and, shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, to inhume as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began, intelligibly enough, to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even of expelling that which already gained unwelcome admittance.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions, which appetite would not have inspired; when my plate, having somehow got over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward, tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under it in its turn; and a great proportion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person; and as I glanced my eye round the table, and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of.

Resolving not to be detected I instantly rolled my handkerchief together with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner-table was at length deserted for the drawing-room, where coffee and *liqueurs* were served round. Meantime I had sought what I considered a safe hiding-place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining-room, for I dared not carry it longer in my hand ; having first thrown a morsel of paper into the crown, to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing-room I chanced to be again seated by the lady, by whom I had sat at dinner. Our conversation was naturally resumed ; and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running, like a race horse, up her arm.

" Take it off—take it off ! " she ejaculated in a terrified tone.

I was always afraid of spiders ; so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious Heaven ! I had forgotten the cauliflower ; which now plastered over her face like an emollient

poultice, fairly killing the spider, and binding an eye of the lady; while little streamlets of soft butter glided down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"*Mon Dieu!*" *mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"*Mon Dieu!*" was echoed from every mouth.

"Have you cut your head?" inquired one.

"*Non! non!—L'araignée—l'araignée. Monsieur vient d'écraser l'araignée.*"

"*Quelle quantité d'entrailles!*" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously, to himself.

Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but its contents remained.

"What a monster it must have been!" observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

At a moment, I felt some one touch me; and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once

white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting upon the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft paste-like vegetable, which had daubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I were actually dissolving in my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprung to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"*Sacr-r-r-e! bête! Sacr-r-re Sacr-r-r-r-re!*" the *r* in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door.

Suddenly there was a pause—a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat, and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained. We had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears, and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore.

I staid no longer; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a *fiacre*, and arrived safely at home; heartily resolving, that to my last hour I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

FAITH AND HOPE.

BY F. BENJAMIN GAGE.

Down Time's dark and rushing river,
Mortal after mortal goes;
Parting quickly and forever,
From life's pleasures and its woes.

All must go from their enjoyments,
From their glory and their shame,
From their honors and employments,
To the dust from whence they came.

Man, what art thou? Canst thou tell me
Whence and why thy being came?
Knowest thou, and canst thou tell me,
When and where shall go the same?

All thou knowest is before thee!
From the cradle to the grave;
Thou canst reason—then comes o'er thee
Dark oblivion's gloomy wave.

In the Spring-time's merry breezes,
Pass thy earliest hours away;
While gay dreams thy fancy pleases—
Dreams that vanish in a day.

Summer comes—and wealth is gotten,
Honors too must form a crown,
Soon to rot and be forgotten—
Soon to wither and go down.

Winter reigns—and pale and breathless
Lies thy form among the dead!
But the Spirit, strong and deathless—
Tell me, whither has it fled?

Oh! the mystery of thy being
Thou canst never comprehend!
But the Mighty and All-Seeing
Knows its destined aim and end.

Trust Him who in mercy gave thee
Heritage so bright and fair,
And His boundless love shall save thee
From the portals of despair.

Faith and Hope be thine forever!
Thine to shield thy soul from fear,
Till the hand of death shall sever
All the claims that bind thee here!

MRS. BULLFROG.

It makes me melancholy to see how like fools some very sensible people act, in the matter of choosing wives. They perplex their judgments by a most undue attention to little niceties of personal appearance, habits, disposition, and other trifles, which concern nobody but the lady herself. An unhappy gentleman, resolving to wed nothing short of perfection, keeps his heart and hand till both get so old and withered, that no tolerable woman will accept them. Now, this is the very height of absurdity. A kind Providence has so skillfully adapted sex to sex, and the mass of individuals to each other, that, with certain obvious exceptions, any male and female may be moderately happy in the married state. The true rule is, to ascertain that the match is fundamentally a good one, and then to take it for granted that all minor objections, should there be such, will vanish, if you let them alone. Only put yourself beyond hazard, as to the real basis of matrimonial bliss, and it is scarcely to be imagined what miracles, in the way of reconciling smaller incongruities, connubial love will effect.

For my own part, I freely confess, that in my bachelorship, I was precisely such an over-curious simpleton, as I now advise the reader not to be. My early habits had gifted me with a feminine sensibility, and too exquisite refinement. I was the accomplished graduate of a dry-goods store, where, by dint of ministering to the whims of fine ladies, and suiting silken hose to delicate limbs, and handling satins, ribbons, chintzes, calicoes, tapes, gauze, and cambric needles, I grew up a very lady-like sort of a gentleman. It is not assuming too much, to affirm, that the ladies themselves were hardly so lady-like as Thomas Bullfrog. So painfully acute was my sense of female imperfection, and such varied excellence did I require in the woman whom I could love, that there was an awful risk of my getting no wife at all, or of being driven to perpetrate matrimony with my own image in the looking-glass. Besides the fundamental principle already hinted at, I demanded the fresh bloom of youth, pearly teeth, glossy ringlets, and the whole list of lovely items, with the utmost delicacy of habits and sentiments, a silken texture of mind, and, above all, a virgin heart. In a word, if a young angel, just from Paradise, yet dressed in earthly fashion, had come and offered me her hand, it is by no means certain that I should have taken it. There

was every chance of my becoming a most miserable old bachelor, when, by the best luck in the world, I made a journey into another State, and was smitten by, and smote again, and wooed, won, and married the present Mrs. Bullfrog, all in the space of a fortnight. Owing to these extempore measures, I not only gave my bride credit for certain perfections, which have not as yet come to light, but also overlooked a few trifling defects, which, however, glimmered on my perception, long before the close of the honey-moon. Yet, as there was no mistake about the fundamental principle aforesaid, I soon learned, as will be seen, to estimate Mrs. Bullfrog's deficiencies and superfluities at exactly their proper value.

The same morning that Mrs. Bullfrog and I came together as a unit, we took two seats in the stage-coach, and began our journey towards my place of business. There being no other passengers, we were as much alone, and as free to give vent to our raptures, as if I had hired a hack for the matrimonial jaunt. My bride looked charmingly, in a green silk calash, and riding-habit of pelisse cloth, and whenever her red lips parted with a smile, each tooth appeared like an inestimable pearl. Such was my passionate warmth, that—we had rattled out of the village, gentle reader, and were lonely as Adam and Eve in

Paradise—I plead guilty to no less freedom than a kiss! The gentle eye of Mrs. Bullfrog scarcely rebuked me for the profanation. Imboldened by her indulgence, I threw back the calash from her polished brow, and suffered my fingers, white and delicate as her own, to stray among those dark and glossy curls, which realized my day-dreams of rich hair.

"My love," said Mrs. Bullfrog, tenderly, "you will disarrange my curls."

"O no, my sweet Laura!" replied I, still playing with the glossy ringlet. "Even your fair hand could not manage a curl more delicately than mine. I propose myself the pleasure of doing up your hair in papers, every evening, at the same time with my own."

"Mr. Bullfrog," repeated she, "you must not disarrange my curls."

This was spoken in a more decided tone than I had happened to hear, until then, from my gentlest of all gentle brides. At the same time she put up her hand and took mine prisoner, but merely drew it away from the forbidden ringlet, and then immediately released it. Now, I am a fidgety little man, and always love to have something in my fingers; so that, being debarred from my wife's curls, I looked about me for any other plaything. On the front seat of the coach, there

was one of those small baskets in which travelling ladies, who are too delicate to appear at a public table, generally carry a supply of gingerbread, biscuits and cheese, cold ham, and other light refreshments, merely to sustain nature to their journey's end. Such airy diet will sometimes keep them in pretty good flesh for a week together. Laying hold of this same little basket, I thrust my hand under the newspaper with which it was carefully covered.

"What's this, my dear?" cried I; for the black neck of a bottle had popped out of the basket.

"A bottle of Kalydor, Mr. Bullfrog," said my wife, coolly taking the basket from my hands, and replacing it on the front seat.

There was no possibility of doubting my wife's word; but I never knew genuine Kalydor, such as I use for my own complexion, to smell so much like cherry-brandy. I was about to express my fears that the lotion would injure her skin, when an accident occurred, which threatened more than a skin-deep injury. Our Jehu had carelessly driven over a heap of gravel, and fairly capsized the coach, with the wheels in the air, and our heels where our heads should have been. What became of my wits, I cannot imagine; they have always had a perverse trick of deserting me,

just when they were most needed; but so it chanced, that, in the confusion of our overthrow, I quite forgot that there was a Mrs. Bullfrog in the world. Like many men's wives, the good lady served her husband as a stepping-stone. I had scrambled out of the coach, and was instinctively settling my cravat, when somebody brushed roughly by me, and I heard a smart thwack upon the coachman's ear.

"Take that, you villain!" cried a strange, hoarse voice. "You have ruined me, you blackguard! I shall never be the woman I have been!"

And then came a second thwack, aimed at the driver's other ear, but which missed it, and hit him on the nose, causing a terrible effusion of blood. Now, who, or what fearful apparition, was inflicting this punishment on the poor fellow, remained an impenetrable mystery to me. The blows were given by a person of grisly aspect, with a head almost bald, and sunken cheeks, apparently of the feminine gender, though hardly to be classed in the gentler sex. There being no teeth to modulate the voice, it had a mumbled fierceness, not passionate, but stern, which absolutely made me quiver like a calves-foot jelly. Who could the phantom be! The most awful circumstance of the affair is yet to be told; for this

ogre, or whatever it was, had a riding-habit like Mrs. Bullfrog's, and also a green silk calash, dangling down her back by the strings. In my terror and turmoil of mind, I could imagine nothing less, than that the Old Nick, at the moment of our overturn, had annihilated my wife and jumped into her petticoats. This idea seemed the more probable, since I could nowhere perceive Mrs. Bullfrog alive, nor, though I looked very sharp about the coach, could I detect any traces of that beloved woman's dead body. There would have been a comfort in giving her Christian burial!

"Come, sir, bestir yourself! Help this rascal to set up the coach," said the hobgoblin to me; then, with a terrific screech to three countrymen at a distance—"Here, you fellows, an't you ashamed to stand off, when a poor woman is in distress?"

The countrymen, instead of fleeing for their lives, came running at full speed, and laid hold of the topsy-turvy coach. I, also, though a small-sized man, went to work like a son of Anak. The coachman, too, with the blood still streaming from his nose, tugged and toiled most manfully, dreading, doubtless, that the next blow might break his head. And yet, bemauled as the poor fellow had been, he seemed to glance at me with

an eye of pity, as if my case were more deplorable than his. But I cherished a hope that all would turn out a dream, and seized the opportunity, as we raised the coach, to jam two of my fingers under the wheel, trusting that the pain would awaken me.

"Why, here we are all to rights again!" exclaimed a sweet voice, behind. "Thank you for your assistance, gentlemen. My dear Mr. Bullfrog, how you perspire! Do let me wipe your face. Don't take this little accident too much to heart, good driver. We ought to be thankful that none of our necks are broke!"

"We might have spared one neck out of the three," muttered the driver, rubbing his ear and pulling his nose, to ascertain whether he had been cuffed or not.—"Why, the woman's a witch!"

I fear that the reader will not believe, yet it is positively a fact, that there stood Mrs. Bullfrog, with her glossy ringlets curling on her brow, and two rows of Orient pearls gleaming between her parted lips, which wore a most angelic smile. She had regained her riding-habit and calash from the grisly phantom, and was, in all respects, the lovely woman who had been sitting by my side at the instant of our overturn. How she had happened to disappear, and who had supplied

her place, and whence did she now return, were problems too knotty for me to solve. There stood my wife. That was the one thing certain among a heap of mysteries. Nothing remained but to help her into the coach, and plod on, through the journey of the day, and the journey of life, as comfortable as we could. As the driver closed the door upon us, I heard him whisper to the three countrymen—

"How do you suppose a fellow feels, shut up in the cage with a she-tiger?"

Of course, this query could have no reference to my situation. Yet, unreasonable as it may appear, I confess that my feelings were not altogether so ecstatic, as when I first called Mrs. Bullfrog mine. True, she was a sweet woman, and an angel of a wife; but what if a Gorgon should return, amid the transports of our connubial bliss, and take the angel's place! I recollected the tale of a fairy, who half the time was a beautiful woman, and half the time a hideous monster. Had I taken that very fairy to be the wife of my bosom? While such whims and chimeras were flitting across my fancy, I began to look askance at Mrs. Bullfrog, almost expecting that the transformation would be wrought before my eyes.

To divert my mind, I took up the newspaper

which had covered the little basket of refreshments, and which now lay at the bottom of the coach, blushing with a deep-red stain, and emitting a potent spirituous fume, from the contents of the broken bottle of Kalydor. The paper was two or three years old, but contained an article of several columns, in which I soon grew wonderfully interested. It was the report of a trial for breach of promise of marriage, giving the testimony in full, with fervid extracts from both the gentleman's and lady's amatory correspondence. The deserted damsel had personally appeared in court, and had borne energetic evidence to her lover's perfidy, and the strength of her blighted affections. On the defendant's part, there had been an attempt, though insufficiently sustained, to blast the plaintiff's character, and a plea in mitigation of damages, on account of her unamiable temper. A horrible idea was suggested by the lady's name.

"Madam," said I, holding the newspaper before Mrs. Bullfrog's eyes—and, though a small, delicate, and thin-visaged man, I feel assured that I looked very terrific—"Madam," repeated I, through my shut teeth, "were you the plaintiff in this cause?"

"O, my dear Mr. Bullfrog," replied my wife, sweetly, "I thought all the world knew that!"

"Horror! horror!" exclaimed I, sinking back on the seat.

Covering my face with both hands, I emitted a deep and death-like groan, as if my tormented soul were rending me asunder. I, the most exqusitely fastidious of men, and whose wife was to have been the most delicate and refined of women, with all the fresh dew-drops glittering on her virgin rosebud of a heart! I thought of the glossy ringlets and pearly teeth—I thought of the Kalydor—I thought of the coachman's bruised ear and bloody nose—I thought of the tender love-secrets, which she had whispered to the judge and jury, and a thousand tittering auditors —and gave another groan!

"Mr. Bullfrog," said my wife.

As I made no reply, she gently took my hands within her own, removed them from my face, and fixed her eyes steadfastly on mine.

"Mr. Bullfrog," said she, not unkindly, yet with all the decision of her strong character, "let me advise you to overcome this foolish weakness, and prove yourself, to the best of your ability, as good a husband as I will be a wife. You have discovered, perhaps, some little imperfections in your bride. Well—what did you expect? Women are not angels. If they were they would go

to Heaven for husbands—or, at least, be more difficult in their choice on earth."

"But why conceal those imperfections?" interposed I, tremulously.

"Now, my love, are not you a most unreasonable little man?" said Mrs. Bullfrog, patting me on the cheek. "Ought a woman to disclose her frailties earlier than the wedding-day? Few husbands, I assure you, make the discovery in such good season, and still fewer complain that these trifles are concealed too long. Well, what a strange man you are! Poh! you are joking."

"But the suit for breach of promise!" groaned I.

"Ah! and is that the rub?" exclaimed my wife. "Is it possible that you view that affair in an objectionable light? Mr. Bullfrog, I never could have dreamt it! Is it an objection, that I have triumphantly defended myself against slander, and vindicated my purity in a court of justice? Or do you complain, because your wife has shown the proper spirit of a woman, and punished the villain who trifled with her affections?"

"But," persisted I—shrinking into a corner of the coach, however; for I did not know precisely how much contradiction the proper spirit of a woman would endure—"but, my love, would it

not have been more dignified to treat the villain with the silent contempt he merited ?"

"That is all very well, Mr. Bullfrog," said my wife, slyly; "but, in that case, where would have been the five thousand dollars, which are to stock your dry-goods store ?"

"Mrs. Bullfrog, upon your honor," demanded I, as if my life hung upon her words, "is there no mistake about those five thousand dollars ?"

"Upon my word and honor, there is none," replied she. "The jury gave me every cent the rascal had—and I have kept it all for my dear Bullfrog !"

"Then, thou dear woman," cried I, with an overwhelming gush of tenderness, "let me fold thee to my heart! The basis of matrimonial bliss is secure, and all thy little defects and frailties are forgiven. Nay, since the result has been so fortunate, I rejoice at the wrongs which drove thee to this blessed law-suit. Happy Bullfrog that I am !"

TO A FAVORITE STREAM.

I KNOW a pretty little stream,
Where oft I used to muse and dream;
When life was young, and I was gay,
To while the happy hours away.
It flows among the shady nooks;
The prettiest of running brooks.

The wild flowers grow its banks along;
And seem to listen to its song,
A musical and prattling tune,
Which brooks can sing most sweet in June;
And many a time when sitting nigh,
I've watched its bubbles floating by,
Sparkling beneath the sunbeams gay;
Like fairies sporting on their way.

There may be other streams as bright;
O'er them the breeze may blow as light;
Their waves may float along as clear,
Glad music making to the ear;
Yet not a stream so dear to me,
Where'er my wandering steps may roam;
As this bright one must ever be;
Because it laves my boyhood's home.

J. M. B.

Drawn by Lieut. Back. R.N.

Engraved by E. Finden.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

After an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit; and having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the goodly and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage-office, muffled in a great-coat, while the driver was securing my baggage. The streets were still and tenantless, and not a foot seemed to be travelling but my own. Everybody slept, gentle and simple; for sleep is a gentle and simple thing. The watchman slumbered; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly preëminence among my fellow-citizens; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catacomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all *perdu*—shut up like the imprisoned genii, who were bottled away by Solomon, and cast into the sea. I could release them from durance, in an

instant; I could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell-bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Everything slept: mayor aldermen, and councils; the civil and the military; learning, and beauty, and eloquence; porters, dogs and drays; steam-engines and patent machines; even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death-like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd, nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first—when we notice the vast aggregate of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful, and so buoyant—a sensation is produced like that with which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm—a sense of the utter inadequateness of human power to still such a mass of troubled particles; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like the pouring of oil upon the waves.

I had barely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidily approached—two of Solomon's genii escaped from duresse. Had not their outward forms been peaceable and worldly,

I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits, coming to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches. It was a Quaker gentleman, with a lady hanging on the one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burdens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face, and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the tread-mill, was seeking to find her a companion. It was an unjust suspicion; for worthy Obadiah was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and, being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments, he said, "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

What a question! Seldom have my nerves received so great a shock. Not that there was any thing alarming or disagreeable in the proposition; but the address was so sudden, the interrogatory so direct, the subject matter so unexpected! "Take charge of a lady," quoth he? I had been for years a candidate for this very honor. Never was there a more willing soul on the round world. I had always been ready to "take charge of a lady," but had never been happy enough to find one who was willing to place herself under my

protection ; and now when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms ! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasted, crying, " Who'll eat me ? " I thought, too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called in my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was Obadiah, of whose mortality there could be no mistake ; and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and ponderous receptacle, ready to take its station socially beside my own. What a prize for a travelling bachelor ! a lady ready booked, and bundled up, with her trunk packed, and her passage paid ! Alas ! it is but for a season—after that, some happier wight will " take charge of the lady," and I may jog on in single loneliness.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, during a pause in the Quaker's speech, and, before I could frame a reply, he continued, " My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Captain Johnson of the Rifleman, and wishes to get to Baltimore to-day to join him. The ice has stopped the steamboats, and she is obliged to go by land."

I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say, in good time, that "it would afford me pleasure to render any service in my power to Mrs. Johnson;" and I did so with great sincerity, for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favor of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my protection to such a pattern of connubial tenderness; and, offering my hand to worthy Obadiah, I added, "I am obliged to you, sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavor to render Mrs. Johnson's journey safe, if not agreeable."

A hearty "Thank thee, friend; I judged as much from thy appearance," was all the reply; and the stage being now ready, we stepped in, and drove off.

As the carriage rattled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to my fair charge. Ah! thought I, what a happy fellow is Captain Johnson of the Rifle! What a prize has he drawn in the lottery of life! How charming it must be to have such a devoted wife! Here was I, a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to fly to my bedside; no, I might die,

before a ministering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Captain Johnson! no sooner is he placed on the sick list by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, accepts the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage-coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Johnson, continued I. Got the dengue perhaps, or the dyspepsia; they are both very fashionable complaints. Sickness is generally an unwelcome, and often an alarming visitor. It always brings the doctor, with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it sometime opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness when it calls home an affectionate wife; when it proves her love and her courage; when its pangs are soothed by the tender and skillful assiduity of a loving and beloved friend,—even sickness, under such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Captain Johnson of the Rifle.

Poor fellow! perhaps he is very sick—dying, for aught we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the Rifle Regiment. Strange, that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be?

The Rifles is a fine regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war; chiefly from the West—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt; six feet six, with red whiskers, and eagle eye. His regimentals had caught the lady's fancy; the sex loves anything in uniform, perhaps because they are the very reverse of everything that is uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the Rifle Regiment; for she was evidently a sharpshooter, and could pick off an officer, when so disposed. What an eye she must have! A plague on Captain Johnson! What evil genius sent him poaching here? Why sport his gray and black among the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia? Why could not the Rifle officers enlist their wives elsewhere? Or why, if Philadelphia must be rifled of its beauty—why had I not been Captain Johnson?

When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he knows nothing, there is no end of it; for his thoughts, not having a plain road to travel, will shoot off into every by-path. Thus it was, that my conjectures wandered from the captain to his lady, and from the lady to her father. What an honest, confiding soul must worthy Obadiah be, continued I to myself, to place a daughter, so

estimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger! He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a phrenologist; but that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pick-pocket. I might be Rowland Stephenson or Washington Irving—I might be Morgan, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the Wandering Jew. I might be a vampire or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper the novelist, for he is sometimes "a travelling bachelor," or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes going to the inside of the world, or Mr. Owen going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I couldn't be Miss Wright — nor, if I was, would anybody be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes that ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does Obadiah know that I am not the president of the United States? What a mistake would that have been! How would the chief magistrate of twenty-four sovereign repub-

lics have been startled by the question, "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady ?"

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in this soliloquy at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was two soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous those reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam-generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought it proper to break silence.

"It is a raw morning, madam," said I.

"Very raw," said she, and the conversation made a full stop.

"The roads appear to be rough," said I, returning to the charge.

"Very rough," replied the lady.

Another full stop.

"Have you ever travelled in the stage before? I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"But never so great a distance, perhaps ?"

"No, never."

Another dead halt.

I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a *blue*—she cannot talk of these common-place matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I

must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schuylkill bridge, I said, "We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity. The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious."

"What did you say about Mr. Rubicam?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

I repeated; and the lady replied, "O yes, very likely," and then resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Captain Johnson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires of me to be silent; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candor compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished; her eye was not mild; her nose was not such as a statuary would have admired; and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my inquiring glance with a look of defiance; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, thought I, looked Captain John-

son of the Rifle—fortunate man!—whose wife, imbibing the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At breakfast her character was more fully developed. If her tongue had been out of commission before, it had now received orders for active service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the "Black Horse," and was shocked to find that the landlord was a Dutchman.

"What's your name?" said she to the landlady.

"Redheiffer, ma'am."

"O dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?"

"No, ma'am."

Then she sat down to the table, and turned up her pretty nose at every thing that came within its cognizance. The butter was too strong, and the tea too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the rolls were heavy, and the lady's appetite light.

"Will you try an egg?" said I.

"I don't like eggs."

"Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl."

"I can't say that I'm partial to the wing."

"A piece of the breast, then, madam."

"It is very tough, isn't it ?"

"No, it seems quite tender."

"It is done to rags, I'm afraid."

"Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife."

"O horrible ! it is raw !"

"On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn ; permit me to give you this piece."

"I seldom eat fowls, except when cold."

"Then, madam, here is a nice cold pullet—let me give you a merry-thought ; nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought."

"Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast."

And my merry thought flashed in the pan.

"Perhaps, sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some—"

"This is not my lady, Mrs. Redheiffer," interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter.

"O la ! I beg pardon ; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know, it's so *natural*—"

"Quite natural Mrs. Redheiffer—"

"May be, ma'am, you'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple-pie, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or—

I know not how the touchy gentlewoman would have taken all this—I do not mean all these

good things, but the offer of them ; for luckily before any reply could be made, the stage-driver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar; but how could I tell? Napoleon has said, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and we all know that between very high fashion and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding lie between. The lady occupied one of those extremes, I knew not which; nor would it have been polite to inquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Johnson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied of her former taciturnity, and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly, chiefly about herself and her "*Pa.*" "*Her Pa* was a Quaker, but she was not a Quaker. They had turned her out of meeting for marrying Captain Johnson. *Her Pa* was a merchant—he was in the shingle and board line."

Alas ! I was in the *board line* myself just then.

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was none of the best, and travelling agreed with it but

indifferently. When we stopped she was always in a fever to go; when going she fretted continually to stop. At meal times she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a *solid pet* the whole day. I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of Captain Johnson of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience, or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this; yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with those little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army, and the wife of a gallant officer who serves his country by land or sea, has high claims upon the chivalry of her countrymen.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting down my fair companion.

"At the sign of the Anchor, —— Street, Fell's Point," was the reply.

Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I

gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. "Is any part of the Rifle regiment quartered on Fell's Point?" said I.

"I don't know," replied the lady.

"Does not your husband belong to that regiment?"

"La! bless you, no; Captain Johnson isn't a soldier."

"I have been under a mistake, then. I understood that he was a captain in the Rifle."

"The Rifleman, sir; he is captain of the Rifleman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar, and turpentine, and such matters. That's the house," continued she; "and, as I live, there's Mr. Johnson, up and well!"

The person pointed out was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quid in his cheek. "How are you, Polly?" said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a smack which might have been heard over the street. "Who's that gentleman? eh! a messmate of yours?"

"That's the gentleman that took care of me on the road."

"The supercargo, eh? Come, mister, light, and take something to drink."

I thanked the captain, and ordered the carriage to drive off, fully determined, that, whatever other imprudence I might hereafter be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it, "take charge of a lady."

THAT BANNER.

"They nerved the arm of the patriot soldier, and by their kindly ministerings soothed him in the hour of anguish and pain."

THERE breathes no soul on Freedom's soil,
But prays for Freedom's weal;—
There beats no heart by blood and toil
Redeemed, that does not feel
How, when the grasp of tyrant power
Our country's life-pulse checked,
When Heaven's deep anger seemed to lower
On Freedom's bark—nigh wrecked:
Those angel spirits cheered them on—
The war-worn brave—when hope was gone—
God bless their daughters, good and fair,
For sainted mothers, bearing there
The light of hope to that stern band
That periled all for our loved land.

Guard well that banner, as ye cling
To memories of the past—
Stout hearts! it is an offering
To Freedom's Goddess cast.
On her high altar it shall wave,
O'er men as bold and true,
As those who found a soldier's grave
On soil now trod by you.
Oh! guard it, for the hands that wrought
Its folds—whose fathers freedom bought:
For mothers—sisters of the dead,
Who on that field of carnage bled—
And God protect the spirits free,
Unfurling it for Liberty!

THE VILLAGE MUSICIAN.

The reader who has ever been in the pleasant town of Herkimer, in New York, may know something of Johnny Vanderbocker, a neat, square-built Dutch lad, who was a great favorite among the ladies of that place, a few years back. The reason of his popularity with the fair, I could never exactly learn; for he was the most uncomely youth that a traveller could meet between Albany and Buffalo. Perhaps it might have been in consequence of his expectations; for his father, who was a baker, was said to have several hundreds of silver dollars, locked up in an oaken chest which stood by his bedside; and as he had always permitted John to roam about the village, without paying the least attention to his education or conduct, it seemed very evident that he intended to make him his heir. Perhaps it might have been owing to his good nature; for, to tell the truth, there was not a better tempered lad in the whole country. Whatever else might be said in disparagement of John, all admitted that he was a well-conditioned creature, and had not the least harm in him. He would lie for hours, under the shade

of a great willow, which stood before his father's door, looking at the sky, or crawl about the grass, hunting for four-leaved clover; and no change in the weather, nor other cross-accident, was ever known to disturb his serenity. In this respect he was a fair example of the influence of circumstances; for having been *raised*—as we say in the West—by a baker, it was naturally to be expected that his heart should be *light*.

After all, he might owe his favor with the female public to his musical abilities, which were certainly remarkable. When quite small, he was an adept at playing on the Jews-harp, and the boys and girls would crowd around him to listen to his melody, as if he had been another Orpheus. As he grew older, he took to the violin, and his services began to be in request. A man may always fiddle his way through this world; no matter whether he play for love or money, whether he is a hired musician, or an amateur, fiddling is a genteel, popular, and profitable employment. Johnny was now a regular and an acceptable visitor at all the tea-parties, quiltings, and house-raisings, in and around the town; and never did any human being fill a station with more propriety than he did the responsible post of fiddler. By nature he was taciturn, a lover of sleep, a healthy eater, and fond of an inspiring beverage—qualifi-

cations which, if they be not proofs of musical genius, may at least be set down as the appropriate accomplishments of a connoisseur in the science of sweet sounds. Seated in an easy chair, — for he loved a comfortable position, — he would throw back his head, close his eyes, open his huge mouth, and fiddle away for a whole night, without exhibiting the least sign of vitality, except in his elbow and his fingers. Often, when a dance was ended, he would continue to play on until admonished that his labors were unnecessary; but when a new set took the floor, it was only requisite to give Johnny a smart jog, and off he went again like a machine set in motion. When refreshments were brought him, he poured into the vast crater which performed the functions of a mouth, whatever was offered, and more than once has he swallowed the contents of an inkstand, smacked his lips over a dose of Peruvian bark, or pronounced a glass of sharp vinegar "humming stuff."

Thus passed the halcyon days of Johnny Vanderbocker, until the completion of his twenty-first year, when an event occurred which entirely changed the tenor of his life. This was no other than the decease of his worthy parent the baker, who was suddenly gathered to his fathers, on a cold winter evening, while Johnny was fiddling at a neighboring fair. The news startled our hero

like the snapping of a fiddle-string. He returned with a heavy heart to his paternal mansion, and retired to rest somewhat consoled by the reflection, that although he had lost a parent, he had become *master of the rolls*. He laid aside his amusements to follow the remains of the honest baker to their last receptacle. For a wonder, he remained wide awake the whole day, and slept quietly in his bed the whole of the ensuing night. On the following morning, he unlocked the oaken chest, emptied the contents of several greasy bags on the floor, counted them over eagerly, and then determined —to buy a new violin.

In his new situation, many cares pressed upon the attention of our hero. Letters of administration had to be taken out, the stock in trade and the implements of his ancestor to be sold, debts to be collected, and debts to be paid; and before a week elapsed, the heir at-law acknowledged that the gifts of fortune are not worth the trouble they bring. His new suit of black imposed an unwonted constraint upon him. He could no longer roll upon the grass, for fear of soiling his clothes, and he was told that it would be wrong to fiddle at the dances while he was in mourning.

When an old man gets into trouble, he is apt to betake himself to the bottle; when a young one becomes perplexed, he generally turns his atten-

tion to matrimony. Thus it was with Johnny, who, in his golden and joyous days, when he had nothing to do but to sleep, and eat, and play the fiddle, never dreamt of the silken fetter. But when care and trouble, and leather bags, and silver dollars, and black broadcloth, came upon him, he thought it high time to shift a portion of the burden of his existence upon some other shoulders.

I must now apprize the reader, that although my hero had never thought of marriage, it was only because he was too single-minded to think of two things at once. He had not reached the mature age of one-and-twenty untouched by the arrows of the gentle god. In love he had been; and at the precise point of time to which we have brought this veracious history, the tender passion was blazing in his bosom, as kindly and as cheerfully as a christmas fire. Its object was a beautiful girl of nineteen, who really did great credit to the taste of the enamored musician. She was the daughter of a widow lady of respectable connections, but decayed fortunes—the damaged relict of a fashionable spendthrift. Lucy Atherton, the young lady in question, had beauty enough to compensate for the absence of wealth, and a sufficient portion of the family inheritance of pride, to enable her to hold her head quite as high as any belle in the village. Indeed, she

made it a point to take precedence wherever she went; and as she did this without the least appearance of ill-nature, and without displaying any self-important airs, but rather as a matter of course, it seemed to be universally conceded to her. She was the reigning beauty of the village —the prettiest, the gayest, and the most graceful of the maiden train who danced to the music of Johnny Vanderbocker's violin. In the dance she was grace personified. It was a treat to behold her laughing face, her lovely form, and her light step, as she flew with joyous heart and noiseless foot through the mazes of the contra-dance. Now, it happened to Johnny, occasionally, to shut his mouth and open his eyes just at the dangerous moment when Miss Atherton was engaged in these captivating performances; and he must have been the most churlish of all Dutchmen not to have been fascinated. She was in the habit, too, of leading off the sets, and the choice of the air was generally dictated by her taste. On such occasions, she would address our hero with the most winning grace, and in tones of the sweetest euphony, ask *Mr. Vanderbocker* for "that delightful tune which he played so charmingly." Accustomed to the appellation of plain "Johnny," from every other tongue, the title of *Mister*, conveyed in such honeyed accents, fell pleasantly upon his

ear; and whether the fair lady was actuated by self-respect or by a respect for Johnny, the effect was to make him her fast friend. The fact was, that Miss Atherton had an art, which some ladies exercise as skillfully as some gentlemen, and which is found among distinguished belles as often as among ambitious men; — I mean that universal courtesy which gains for its possessor the good will of all ranks—that ready smile, and pleasant phrase, and convenient bow, which, like a panacea, suits all occasions. In statesmen, this desirable accomplishment is the result of judicious training; in handsome women, it is an instinct, connected with that love of applause which is almost inseparable from beauty.

Often would Johnny surprise the company by keeping his eyes open for whole minutes together, as the lovely vision of Lucy Atherton flitted before him. The fire would flash from his eye, and the blood rush from his heart to his elbow, as he gazed in ecstacy at the loveliest dancer in the village—his fingers fell with renewed vivacity upon the tuneful strings, and the very violin itself seemed to melt in sympathy, and gave forth softer, and mellower, and gayer tones. Then would he close his eyes, and, having laid in an agreeable idea, feed upon it in secrecy, as a stingy boy devours a dainty morsel in some hidden corner.

With his stringed instrument rattling away like a locomotive engine, apparently unconscious of any animal propulsion, his mouth wide open, his visage devoid of expression, and the whole outward man reposing in death-like torpidity, he was dreaming of Lucy Atherton; his heart was beating time to the imaginary motion of her feet, as her form floated and whirled, up the sides and down the middle, cross over, and right and left, through every nook and corner of his bosom. But either because this image was too dearly cherished to be shared with another, or too faintly shadowed out to be altogether intelligible to himself, he kept his own counsel so closely, that none could have suspected the object of his thoughts, or have pronounced, with the slightest shadow of reason, that he had any thoughts at all—except upon one occasion, when Miss Lucy Atherton having gone through a *scamper down* with uncommon spirit, he exclaimed, with great emotion, that she was "a dreadful nice dancer."

Yet with all this devotion of heart, and with feelings that vibrated to every echo of Lucy's feet, there was not a single chord of association in the mind of Johnny Vanderbocker, which connected the image of Miss Atherton with the idea of wedlock. On the contrary, having seldom seen her except on high days and holidays, when she

shone as a bright, peculiar star in the constellation of village beauty, her name was engraven on the same tablet on which was recorded his agreeable recollections of in-fairs, quiltings, fiddle-strings, minced pies, egg flip, and hot spiced gingerbread. All these good things came together, and with them always came—Lucy Atherton. When, therefore, the notion of a wife came into his head, it was like the intrusion of a comet into the solar system, disturbing the regular economy of nature, and eclipsing the other orbs by its brilliancy. It entirely unsettled the well-ordered succession of his thoughts, which commonly moved on from point to point as regularly as the hands of a watch. "A wife!"—quoth he, casting a look of silly bashfulness all around, as if afraid of detection —"A wife!"—exclaimed he a second time, laughing aloud as at the absurdity of such a proposition—"A wife!"—muttered he again,—and then the image of Lucy Atherton came dancing before him. The greatest discoveries have been the result of accident; the happiest invention is but the felicitous application of a known power to a novel purpose; and equally fortuitous was that train of thought in the mind of our hero, which united his own destiny with that of the fashionable and admired Lucy Atherton. The thought was ecstatic; it brought a

glow to the heart of Johnny, such as seldom beams upon the high latitude of a Dutchman's breast, and he resolved to become, forthwith, a candidate for the hand of the village belle.

Great designs give unwonted energy to the character. Idle and timid as our hero usually was, the idea of marrying Lucy Atherton awakened him to a new being. His conceptions were enlarged, his resolution quickened, and all his senses strung anew, and he was as different a man from what he was an hour before, as a stringless violin is, from the same instrument properly attired and screwed into tune. He felt his importance increased, his notions of happiness expanded, and his whole sphere of existence extended and beautified. He considered the matter settled. "Me and Lucy will just suit," said he to himself. "She dances *prime*, and, I take it, I can out-fiddle the world." It never occurred to him that the lady would make any objection to the arrangement.

How could she? for Johnny was possessed of the only two things which he considered absolutely necessary to enjoyment — music and money. What more could a lady want? "And then," thought he, "I'm not the worst-looking fellow in the country; and this is not such a bad house neither; and three hundred dollars, and the bake-

shop, is no trifle." Johnny capered round the room in great glee, and one of his companions coming in at this moment, he embraced him and said, "Don't you wish me joy?"

"For what?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, I'm so happy!"

"Is it your father's death that pleases you so much?"

"O, no! I'm going to be married."

"Indeed! Who to?"

"Ah, that's a secret; I haven't told *her* about it yet, but I know she'll have no objection."

The next morning found our hero at a neighboring shop, purchasing a variety of trinkets and clothing, for the decoration of his ungainly person. A purple watch-ribbon, a pink silk neck-cloth, and a huge breast-pin which struck him as peculiarly tasty and appropriate, were borne off in triumph; and these, together with a scarlet velvet waistcoat, of the proper goods and chattels of the late Herman Vanderbocker, deceased, which came to the hands of the said John to be administered, were severally arranged in their respective stations; and the worthy amateur, adorned with a dazzling elegance, to which he had until that time been a stranger, placed his fiddle triumphantly under his arm, and marched boldly to the dwelling of the widow Atherton.

It is necessary to explain, in this place, that, in calling our hero a *fiddler*, we have never meant to insinuate that he played for money. He was as much above such mercenary considerations, as any other lover of the fine arts. He was an amateur. That delicate discrimination of sounds, which enables its happy possessor to arrange the vibrations of coarse strings and fine ones into harmony, and that love of melodious tones and skillful combinations which distinguishes the musician, and of which the writer of this history has not the faintest conception, all belonged to Johnny. He was a welcome visitor at all the parties in the village, because he played cotillions and contra-dances with "accuracy and dispatch," and moreover not only rendered such services gratuitously, but with the utmost good-humor. Whoever else was omitted, on any such occasion, Mr. Vanderbocker was sure to receive a formal card, or a hearty invitation, as the case might require. Of course he was received as an equal in every circle, and had access to the best society in the village—a privilege which he seldom used, but which permitted him on the present occasion to tap at the door of Mrs. Atherton with the air of a familiar friend.

"Good morning, Mrs. Atherton," said our

hero, as he entered the widow's parlor. "Good morning. How's Lucy?"

The old lady, surprised at this unwonted familiarity in the son of the village baker, raised her spectacles, and having gazed at him for a moment in mute astonishment, haughtily replied that Miss Atherton was well. Johnny was glad to hear it; but before he could express his joy, the offended parent stalked out, and the young lady herself glided in. "She don't know what I came for, or she'd be more civil," thought Johnny, as he looked after the proud widow—but the entrance of the daughter changed the current of his reflections.

"How d'ye do, Lucy?" said the amateur.

Lucy was thunderstruck. The young man had never before addressed her in such a strain; but she had too much self-possession to betray the least embarrassment; for a reigning belle can generally command her feelings with as much success as a veteran politician. She returned his salutation, therefore, with the utmost sweetness and ease of manner, and took her seat, inwardly resolving to penetrate into the cause of the strange revolution which a few hours had made in the dress and address of her visitor. Arrayed in the simple elegance of a morning dress, and adorned

with youth, health, and beauty, she bent gracefully over her work, and never looked prettier than at this moment, when an inquisitive archness was added to the usually intelligent expression of her countenance. For the present, however, her curiosity was balked; for Johnny, who really meant only to show his tenderness, and had already advanced to the utmost bounds of his assurance, began to falter. The courage, which had sustained him thus far, and which some have insinuated was borrowed from a source that our temperance societies would hardly approve, was fast evaporating; and after sitting some time in silence, playing with his purple watch-ribbon, he drew his violin from its green bag, and inquired whether Miss Atherton would "fancy a tune."

The young lady declared that it always afforded her infinite pleasure to listen to Mr. Vanderbocker's delightful music; and in an instant the musical machine started into action—the head fell back, the mouth yawned, the eyelids closed, and Johnny, the best and drowsiest of fiddlers, added a new proof that even the tender passion is not sufficiently powerful to overcome inveterate habit. But love did not entirely quit the field, or abandon his votary, who opened his eyes at intervals, and bowed and smirked upon his fair auditress in a manner not to be mistaken, while between the

different airs he would inquire if the last tune was not "*cruel purty*," or *desparate fine*," or "*eleganter than all the rest.*"

Music, which has charms to "soothe the savage breast," seems to have operated differently on that of the young lady, on this occasion; for the antique velvet vest, the pink neck-cloth, the smirking, the bowing, and, above all, the short naps which her visitor seemed to enjoy with such complacency, were altogether so irresistibly ludicrous, that in spite of her endeavors to suppress it, she was compelled to burst into a fit of laughter. Johnny, who very properly considered this as an unequivocal expression of delight, was overjoyed at his success, and adding his own *bass* to the melodious *tenor* of his fair companion, shook the room with peals of obstreperous mirth.

Thus ended the first act of this comedy. The second commences with a sprightly dialogue. Johnny, who had now found his tongue, opened the conversation by asking "Lucy" if she did not think he ought to be married.

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Vanderbocker," was the reply; "nothing could be more proper, provided you believe that marriage would conduce to your happiness."

"I don't know as I should be any happier, but somehow I think I should be better contented."

"Then you ought certainly to marry, for contentment is the chief ingredient in the cup of happiness."

"I shall quit drinking entirely," continued the lover, who misunderstood the last position of the lady.

"I am glad to hear it. Sobriety is very becoming; particularly in married men."

"And who do you think I ought to have?"

"O dear! I cannot tell, indeed. That is a delicate question; and perhaps it might be necessary to determine first who would *have you!*"

"I guess a'most any of 'em would be glad to catch at me," replied the swain; "for father's left me a snug house, and three hundred dollars in silver, besides the bake-shop."

"Quite a fortune, I declare!" exclaimed Lucy.

"To be sure, there's some that's richer than me, and some better looking," continued Johnny, glancing at the mirror which hung opposite to him; "but then you know, Miss Lucy"——

"That half a loaf is better than no bread," added the young lady, ironically.

"Yes — just so — that's my *idee* to a notch; a half bread, as you say, is better than no loaf; and so — three hundred dollars and a house and lot"——

"And gentle Mr. Vanderbocker into the bar-

gain, would be a comfortable *lot* for any lady. Surely the girls in Herkimer ought not to hesitate, for the temptation is very great!"

"An't it?" exclaimed Johnny, in a tone of exultation. "I guess it is!" he added, answering his own question. "It isn't every gal that gets such a chance. Now, I'll tell you a secret," continued he, lowering his voice. "If *you'll* have me, it's all your own—me, and the fiddle, the three hundred dollars, the bake-shop, and all!"

"The impudent fellow!" thought Lucy; but she had the politeness and good sense to suppress that thought. A lady is never seriously offended with the swain who offers to marry her; for however humble may be the source from which the proposition emanates, it is still a compliment. Lucy's list of conquests was tolerably long, for blooming nineteen, and the name of Johnny would add but little dignity to the train; yet truth obliges me to record that a slight blush, and a very slight toss of the head, with a glance at the mirror, showed that the tribute of admiration was not unwelcome even from our hero. She civilly, but peremptorily declined the honor which he had intended for her, and adding, "You must excuse me now, sir; I have other engagements," left the room.

"Other engagements!" thought Johnny; "that

means that she is going to be married to somebodyelse. What a dunce was I not to speak first!" And he retired, deeply chagrined, and not a little puzzled, that a young lady of marriageable age and sound discretion, who was not worth a cent, should refuse a neat cottage, a bake-shop, and three hundred dollars, with the slight incumbrance of himself and a violin, for no better reason than that she had made a previous engagement with another gentleman!

Had there been a mill-pond at Mrs. Atherton's front door, our hero would undoubtedly have drowned himself; and it is altogether probable that he would even have gone out of his way to seek the means of self-destruction, had he not prudently reflected that the estate of Herman Vanderbocker, deceased, was not yet fully administered, nor the leather bags emptied. To leave this treasure vacant, and the bake-shop unoccupied, would have been rashness. But he felt unhappy. His heart, which had been as *light* as a hot roll, was now as *heavy* as dough; and being little disposed to mingle in company, he determined to mount his horse, and take a short ride. How far he went, or what he thought of, I am unable to say, as I dined that day with Mrs. Atherton, and spent the afternoon in assisting her

lovely daughter to draw patterns — a fact which will account for my intimate knowledge of the events of the morning.

It was nearly night, when Johnny, who was trotting briskly homewards, overtook a stranger within a mile or two of the village. He was a tall, slim man, mounted on a high, strong, bony horse; but he was so muffled up, from top to toe, that our hero could not tell whether he was old or young, gentle or simple. His hat was covered with an oil-cloth; his legs were enveloped in ample wrappers of coarse cloth; he was booted and spurred, and over all he wore one of those uncouth but comfortable coats, fabricated out of a green Mackinaw blanket, which are so common on the Mississippi. His horse was covered with mud, and evidently tired. His own appearance was way-worn and weather-beaten. He seemed to have travelled far, and faced many a storm. Before him were a pair of large holster pistols; behind him, a roll, containing his surtout and umbrella; and across the saddle, a pair of immense saddle-bags, fastened with a brass padlock.

Johnny, who had all the fiddler's wonted love of company, and was particularly averse to riding alone in the dark, trotted up alongside of the stranger, and accosted him with a cheerful "Good evening."

The traveller nodded stiffly, without deigning to turn his head.

Johnny gazed wistfully at the jaded rider, the tired nag, the Mackinaw blanket, the leggins, and other *fixens*, as we say in the West, and wondered who this could be, that was so strangely accoutred, and was too proud to return a civil salutation. Determined to satisfy his curiosity, he tried to commence a conversation, by making some common-place remark about the weather; but, as this elicited no other reply than a cold monosyllable, he resolved to make a bold push, and come to the point at once.

"You seem to be travelling, mister," said he.

"You have guessed right," replied the traveller.

"Have you travelled far, if it's a fair question?"

"Tolerably."

Now, this reply seemed to our hero most perplexingly inexplicit. "Tolerably" might comprise ten miles, or twenty, or a hundred, but it could not apply to a long journey. He took another look at the *leggins*, the pistols, and the green blanket-coat, and, edging up to the stranger, thought he would try it again.

"Well, mister," said he, "if I *mought* make so bold, where did you come from?"

"Just back here," was the laconic reply.

"From Oneida?"

"No; farther back."

"From Cataraugus?"

"No; farther back."

Johnny considered a moment—for his stock of geographical knowledge was but slender—and again pushed his inquiries.

"I guess, may be, you came all the way from Buffalo."

"No; farther back."

Johnny scratched his head, in some amazement, and edged off from the stranger, as if fearful he had fallen into bad company; but his curiosity overcoming every other feeling, he continued—"Why, I don't know as anybody lives any farther off than that. If I *mought* make so free, what's back of Buffalo?"

"Ohio."

"O—o—h! yes! sure enough! So you live in Ohio?"

"No; farther back."

"Well, what's back of that?"

"Indiana."

"And do you live there?"

"No; farther back."

"And what's back of that?"

"Illinois."

"O! you live in Illinois?"

"No I don't."

"Where *do* you live?"

"Farther back."

"I guess you don't live at all!" exclaimed Johnny, trembling all over, for it was now growing dark, and the tall stranger, who seemed to have ridden so hard and so far, appeared to deny being an inhabitant of this world. But Johnny thought he would try another question.

"Well, mister, if it's no harm, what's back of Illinois?"

"Missouri."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes."

Johnny absolutely started, and stood up in his stirrups, and a cold chill ran over him; for the conversation was brought to a dead stand by this reply, with a shock resembling that with which a steamboat, under rapid way, is checked by a snag. But he had *located* the stranger; and, after drawing a long breath, he exclaimed,

"Well, I'm glad on't. I am almost out of breath in finding it out. I don't know how you stood it to travel so far; it must be a long way off. How far is it, sir, if it's a fair question?"

"Something over a thousand miles. And now," said the stranger, "as I have answered

all your inquiries, I hope you will allow me to put a few questions to you."

"O certainly."

"Do you live in this village?"

"Yes—I was born here."

"What's your business?"

"I'm a gentleman."

"What does your father do for a living?"

"Nothing."

"What is he?"

"He is a dead man."

"Do you know Mrs. Atherton?"

"Yes—do you?"

"Is her daughter married?"

"No, indeed; far from it."

"Why 'far from it'?"

"She refused an excellent offer this morning."

"From whom?"

"That's a secret."

"How do you know this, if it is a secret?"

"I had it from herself. But here is the hotel; I'll bid you a good evening."

"Stay. Have you any objection to carry a note to Miss Atherton?"

"I can't say as I have."

"Well, then, as she seems to have made you her confidant, I will intrust you with one." So

saying, he stepped into the tavern, and in a few minutes returned with a neat billet, which he put into the hands of Johnny, requesting him to be particularly careful to deliver it to Lucy herself.

Proud of an office which would introduce him into the presence of her who had occupied so large a share of his thoughts, he departed with alacrity; but meeting with some of his companions, who detained him, sorely against his will, more than an hour elapsed before he reached the dwelling of Mrs. Atherton. That lady and her fair daughter were seated, *tête-à-tête*, at their work-stand, when a modest knock was heard at the door; and in a few moments the crest-fallen Johnny Vanderbocker stood before them. Bowing reverently to both ladies, he advanced in silence, and laid the note before Lucy, who at first took it up with hesitation, supposing that it contained an effusion of the bearer's own hopeless passion; but no sooner had the superscription caught her eye, than she tore it open, and exclaimed, "He is come, he is come! Mother, mother! he is come!"

"Who is come?" inquired Johnny, whose feelings were too much excited to permit him to remain silent. But Lucy's head had fallen upon her mother's shoulder, and the tears were rolling

down her cheeks, while the good lady's eyes were also filled.

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a soothing tone; "don't be scared, ladies. If he *does* carry horse-pistols, he is not a-going to do as he pleases in Herkimer. Don't, don't cry, Miss Lucy—I'll fight for you as long as I can stand." At this juncture, the door again opened, and the stranger stood before them. The blanket-coat fell from his shoulders, and Lucy Atherton rushed into his arms. "Dear Lucy!" "Dear Charles!" was all they could utter. Mrs. Atherton glided out of the room. "The old lady does not like you, either," thought Johnny; "she served me just so."

"Three are poor company," continued Johnny to himself, and he too retired; but he had the consolation of believing that he had found a complete solution of the mystery of the young lady's conduct in the morning. "She would never," he argued, "have refused me, and three hundred dollars, and the bakeshop, if she hadn't been engaged already. She was sorry about it, no doubt, though she did pretend not to mind it. Dear me, what a pity! the poor thing laughed so, and was so overjoyed when I went there a-courting to-day; and now this great backwoodsman has come from

nobody knows where, to carry her off. Well, she knows her own business best. Three hundred dollars won't go a-begging long in Herkimer. So good-by to Lucy Atherton."

But manfully as our hero strove against his disappointment, it preyed upon him; and for two days he remained in his own house, quite disconsolate, moping about like a hypochondriac, and poking the fire with the petulance of a bachelor, who is past hope, or—past forty. At the end of that time he received an unexpected visit from the stranger. Stripped of his blanket-coat and leggins, and disarmed of those ferocious weapons which had excited our hero's curiosity so strongly, he seemed another person. Although somewhat above the ordinary stature, his person was slender and genteel: his face, which was browned by exposure to the weather, was remarkably handsome, and his address frank and easy. His age might have been two or three and twenty; but having already mixed with the world, and felt the touch of care, he had the manners of an older man. "Mr. Vanderbocker," said he, "you guided me into the village the other evening, when I was tired, and perhaps less sociable than I ought to have been, and I have called to thank you for your civility, and to request the pleasure of your company on to-morrow evening at Mrs.

Atherton's." Johnny pleaded his black coat, and tried to beg off; for he had heard it whispered that Lucy was to give her hand to the handsome stranger, and felt but little inclination to be present at the wedding. His visitor, however, pressed him, adding, "Miss Atherton esteems you as one of her earliest friends, and will have it so." "I will go, then," said Johnny, greatly soothed by this compliment. "And now, Mr. Wilkinson,"—for such he had learned was the stranger's name,—"will you be kind enough to tell me how you managed to court one of our Herkimer ladies, without ever setting your foot in the village—our belle, too, that has had so many good offers at home?" Mr. Wilkinson smiled, and replied, "Lucy and myself met at Schenectady, where we were both going to school, and were well enough pleased with each other to agree to unite our destinies. Her father was but recently deceased, and she was supposed to have inherited a fortune, while my own circumstances were such that it was with difficulty I completed my education. Mrs. Atherton might possibly have taken these things into consideration; at all events, her views differed from ours, and she no sooner heard of our attachment than she took Lucy home, and, rather haughtily, as I thought, forbade my visiting at her house. Poor Lucy! her fortune turned

out to be illusory. Her father had died a bankrupt, and left his family so destitute, that Mrs. Atherton had to struggle with many difficulties. Though they have kept up a genteel appearance, I fear they have sometimes wanted even the necessaries of life. But Lucy lived through it all with a gay heart and noble spirit, and refused, as you remark, many a good offer. As for me, I went to the West, mortified at having been spurned from the door of a proud woman, and determined to earn that wealth and distinction which I saw could alone procure my admittance into the bosom of Lucy's family. I went, friendless and penniless, to the shores of the Mississippi, where not a heart beat responsive to my own, and where I was exposed to many hardships and dangers. But I was so eminently successful in business, that I am already independent, and able to claim the fulfillment of our promise. There is no objection now on the part of either mother or daughter, and, on to-morrow evening, I shall become the happy possessor of Lucy's hand."

"You deserve it," said Johnny, sobbing, "indeed you do; for, simple as I seem, and simple as I be, I'm not the lad to envy a true lover and a generous-hearted girl their happiness. But do you intend to take her 'farther back'?" added he, pointing significantly to the West.

"Yes, that is my home now."

"Good luck to you both, then. I will certainly attend the wedding; and if father had been dead a little longer, I would play the fiddle, that I might see Miss Lucy dance for the last time. Yes, it would be the *last time*. Never *will* I see such another figure on the floor. And never shall any other woman dance to music of mine. I have hung up my violin. There will be nobody in the village fit to play for when she is gone. I have played my last tune, and I shall now do as my father did—bake bread, and lock up my dollars in the old oak chest."

Johnny kept his word. Several years have passed, and he may now be seen, any summer's day, seated at the door of his cottage, with a red night-cap on his head, and a short black pipe in his mouth, chuckling over the idea that he has more hard dollars under lock and key than any man in the village. He bakes excellent bread, gives good weight, and drinks nothing but his own beer, while the sound of a violin, or the smile of a woman, never gladdens his roof, and

"The harp that once in Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled!"

TWO ACTORS FOR ONE PART.

CHAPTER I.

A RENDEZVOUS IN THE IMPERIAL GARDEN.

It was near the end of November. The Imperial Garden at Vienna was deserted; a sharp breeze agitated the brown leaves which remained on the trees, and the rose-bushes, melancholy and neglected, trailed along the ground. The principal walk, thanks to the sand with which it was carefully strewed, was still dry, and, even at that season, had an air of sad beauty. The view in the distance extended to the Prater and the Danube, whilst a succession of hills bordered the horizon.

A young man was walking up and down, as if awaiting some one. He was dressed in a theatrical-looking coat, of black velvet, bordered with fur, and ornamented with gold frogs; his boots came up to the knee, from which hung a tassel. He was, apparently, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. His features were pale and delicate,

whilst a student's cap on his head, and an ironical smile at the corner of his mouth, showed him to have shone in the ranks of Foxes and Burschen.

Before long a young girl appeared at the end of the walk, accompanied by a little black spaniel.

"Oh, Heinrich," said she, as she took his offered arm, "I have been a whole hour dressed, and ready to come out, and my aunt has kept me there all the time, lecturing me about the dangers of waltzing, and the recipe for a Christmas cake. At last I made a pretext of wanting some gaiters, which I do not want at all. It is for you, Heinrich, that I tell so many stories. I am always sorry for them, and yet I do the same thing again. But why will you go on the stage? Was it for this you studied theology so long at Heidelberg? My relations used to like you so much, and we should have been married by this time, and, instead of secret meetings in the Imperial, we should be comfortably seated in a nice little parlor, near a fine Saxony stove."

"Indeed, Katy, that would be delightful—but an invincible impulse drives me. I dream of it by night, and I think of it by day: it seems to me that I have twenty existences. When I act my part, I feel it—I am itself. I am Hamlet, Othello, Charles de Moor, all by turns! and with such feelings, how can I sink into a humble village pastor?"

"But, Heinrich, they will never let me marry an actor."

"No, certainly, not an obscure actor—the tool of the directors and the public. But a great comedian, covered with glory and fame, harsh as they are, they will not object to. When I come for you some day in a splendid yellow carriage, the varnish of which will be so bright that the astonished neighbors can see themselves in it, and grand liveried servants will let down the steps, will they refuse me then, Katy?"

"I should think not. But will that time ever come, Heinrich? You have talent, but talent is not enough; and, suppose you do succeed in your aspirations after fame, in the mean time, the best part of our youth will have passed away."

"That time is nearer than you think, Katy. I have now a very advantageous engagement at the theatre of St. Corinthie; the director is so well pleased with me, that he has already given me two thousand thalers."

"Yes," replied Katy, in a mournful tone, "that new piece, where you act the part of the Devil! Oh! Heinrich, I cannot bear to see a Christian assume the appearance of the enemy of the human race, and pronounce such blasphemous words. The other day, when we were at the theatre to see you act it, I was very unhappy; and when you

were surrounded by that fire of spirits of wine, I really was afraid that you would be in reality swallowed up by the flames. Oh! that night I had such frightful dreams."

"What foolish notions, my dear Katy; but I will tell you, for your satisfaction, that to-morrow will be the last representation of that piece, and I shall never, after that, appear in the black and red dress which distresses you so much."

"I am very glad; for, although that *role* may be profitable to your temporal welfare, I am afraid it is injurious to you spiritually. Dear Heinrich, do you still say your prayers? and that little cross I gave you, have you it yet?"

Heinrich unfastened his coat, and displayed the little cross, in its accustomed place.

So saying, the lovers arrived at the shoe store. Katy went in to purchase the gaiters she did not want, and Heinrich, after vainly endeavoring to get a last look at her through the window, filled with rows of shoes and gaiters, walked off quickly to the Inn of the Eagle with Two Heads.

CHAPTER II.

THE SINGULAR STRANGER AT THE INN.

THERE was a numerous company that evening at the Eagle with Two Heads. Stout Germans, with frogged overcoats, Tartars, with their little Chinese-like eyes, and copper-colored Bohemians, presented a motley assembly, and filled the air with clouds of smoke. The room was filled with tables, on which the company rested their elbows as they ate. Heinrich penetrated the thick cigar smoke, and advancing to the end of the room, seated himself at a table where some merry fellows were already.

"Here is Heinrich!" exclaimed one of them, "the new actor. Fancy him the merriest among us, and the greatest beer-drinker, acting a part so terrible that the whole house shudders."

"That is what constitutes the glory of an actor," said another. "To perform in one's own character would be nothing at all."

Heinrich sat modestly down, and pouring out a glass of wine, made no reply to the compliments lavished upon him.

"If the great Wolfgang Goethe had only seen you, Heinrich!"

"Let us see your feet, Heinrich."

A military-looking figure sat at a little distance, who took no part in the general enthusiasm. His dress was that of a Rennese; his gray eyes, as they rolled from side to side, seemed to have a tinge of green; his teeth, as they showed occasionally, were white, very pointed, and very far apart.

His nails, which were long and curved, gave to his hands the appearance of claws, whilst a contemptuous "*humph*," which escaped him every now and then, showed how different were his feel- from those of the rest of the company.

Atmayer, the youngest of the band of Heinrich's admirers, could not endure so cold and disdainful a mien, and addressing himself to the singular stranger—

"Is it not true, sir, that no one has ever acted the part of Mephistopheles as well as Heinrich?"

"*Humph!*" answered the person addressed. "Mr. Heinrich is undoubtedly a young man of talent, but, as to the part of Mephistopheles, many things are yet wanting." Then, turning round, "Have you ever seen the devil, Mr. Heinrich?"

This question was asked in a tone so contemptuous and sneering, that a shudder passed over the whole company.

"I was at the theatre the other night," con-

tinued the man, "and I was not at all satisfied with your laugh. This is the way you should laugh, Mr. Heinrich."

And thereupon the unknown, as if to give him an example, gave vent to a burst of laughter so sardonic and so terrible, that the music stopped at once, the window panes rattled, and every one trembled; yet, at the same time, every one laughed, as if in imitation of him.

When Heinrich recovered from his laughter, the ceiling echoed the last notes of this frightful laughter, and the unknown was no longer there.

CHAPTER III.

THE THEATRE OF SAINT CORINTHIE.

Some days after this incident, when Heinrich had nearly forgotten it, he again acted the part of the demon in the new piece.

On the front bench of the pit was the unknown. At every word pronounced by Heinrich he clinched his hands, and gave evident signs of the greatest impatience, muttering, *bad*, *bad*, between his teeth, whilst those around him applauded with all their might. At the end of the first act the unknown got up, and disappeared through the little door leading from the orchestra to the interior of the stage department.

Heinrich was alone on the stage, awaiting the rising of the curtain, when he was to resume his part. What was his astonishment, on turning suddenly round, to behold a figure close behind him, dressed exactly as he himself was, and looking at him with those greenish, piercing eyes. Heinrich immediately recognized his acquaintance of the Eagle with Two Heads—or rather the devil himself, for it was he.

"Ha! ha! my little gentleman; you want to act the devil! That first act was very bad. You give but a poor idea of me to those good people of Vienna. Allow me to take your place this evening."

Heinrich mechanically placed his hand on the little cross of Katy's, and tried to remember a form of exorcism—but terror overcame him. The devil laid a bony hand on each of Heinrich's shoulders, and giving him a gripe, forced him out of the way, and entered himself upon the scene.

The second act was rapturously applauded.

"How well Heinrich acts to-night," said all his friends.

But what produced the greatest effect upon the wondering audience was the strange laughter, sharp as the edge of a saw: it was exactly like the laughter of a lost soul mocking at the joys of Paradise. The whole house was in wonder. Some laughed

and some cried. By degrees, phosphoric sparks showed themselves at the end of the actor's fingers—flames played round his feet—the foot-lights grew dim—a sulphurous smell spread over the whole house! The new Mephistopheles substituted verses of his own to the real text, and drew down thunders of applause.

Katy, who was in the house that evening, was in a state of great inquietude. She saw that it was no longer her own Heinrich, and foresaw evil.

The representation was over, the curtain fallen, and the audience called out loudly for the actor—who was sought for in vain. Heinrich, however, was discovered in a back room, in a fainting fit. He was carried home, and undressed, and it was discovered, with surprise, that he had great scratches on each shoulder, as if wounded by the claws of a tiger.

It only remains to add, that was the last time Heinrich ever appeared on the stage. He returned to his proper pursuit of divinity, which removing all objection to the union of the lovers, they were shortly after made happy.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

It was evident from the bustle about a neat house in Spring street, in Hopeville, that a family were moving in, and there was not a little curiosity to know how the new comers would get along with a crabbed Doctor, whose estate was contiguous, and who had made it a matter of conscience to quarrel with every family that had occupied the house for the last ten years. Some one hinted this to Crawford, but he replied that he would risk it—he never quarrelled with any man, and he did not mean to with the Doctor. In a few days the house was looking beautifully in a new coat of paint, green blinds, and tasteful shrubbery, the chief attraction of American country cottages. "A. Crawford, Cheap Cash Store," opposite, upon a high brick building, gave an importance to the upper part of the town it had never before possessed. The new family became settled, and every one was waiting to hear of disunion with them and the Doctor, and every chronicle had its types ready to publish light speeches or remarks, thoughtless in themselves, but which

might be tortured into an occasion for a breakage of good feeling. But nothing was caught, except that the Doctor said he would sooner walk three streets than buy an ounce of snuff of that foppish upstart, who was living beyond his income, and though he had a sofa in his parlor, had no shovel or tongs in his kitchen. This was eagerly communicated in due season to the merchant, who replied "he did not think any person his friend who told him what others said of him." Much abashed, his informant stalked off in high dudgeon.

Crawford and the Doctor had often met. The former always addressed his neighbor, and persisted in walking by his side as if they were intimate friends. A year or more had gone round, and as no attempts at acquaintance had been made upon the part of the Doctor's wife, Mrs. Crawford, hearing that she was ill, put on her hat, and went to sit an hour with her. She was very pleasantly received, and the lady apologized for her apparent incivility in not having called upon her, by saying that her husband was a man of strong prejudices, and had taken a great dislike to Mr. Crawford for holding different political opinions from himself, and had dissuaded her from calling. She found it pleasant, she said, to do pretty much as *he* desired about such things.

Mrs. Crawford heartily pitied the little remnant of mortality that was bolstered up in a great chair just in the last stages of a lingering consumption. The little lady said further, that Mr. Crawford's fowls had annoyed the Doctor's watermelons, and he had threatened to shoot them if they trespassed upon his ground again. If she would speak to her husband about it, it might prevent disturbance, and she did not know how much longer it would please God for her to live, and she wanted to be at peace with every one when she died; and here she coughed violently and expectorated blood upon her white cambric handkerchief, and then Mrs. Crawford cried and the little woman cried too from sympathy, and Mrs. Crawford said that Mr. Crawford was the most amiable man in the world, and would not quarrel with the Doctor, and the little lady said that the Doctor was a good husband to her, but it was his way to be overbearing, and that he disliked Mr. Crawford for holding different opinions from him.

Mrs. Crawford went straight home and told her husband all that the Doctor's wife had told her, and Mr. Crawford said he was sorry that his fowls had trespassed upon his neighbor, and he would call over and offer to pay him for damages. So he did—but the surly Doctor scowled and curled his lip and said it was not the value of a

watermelon patch that he cared about, but he liked people that lived near him to keep themselves to themselves, and if the fowls came there again, he would shoot them. An angry reply was on the lips of the merchant, at this unreasonable treatment, but "the soft answer that turneth away wrath" was returned—and bowing, he left the house.

Not many days after, a brindle cow of the Doctor's who had masticated her cud in the same yard, for the last three years, being an ambitious beast, bethought herself of taking a survey of her neighbor's field, and the rails having been casually left down, she walked out and with a little exercise of her horns, made an effectual attempt at opening a gate which enclosed Mr. Crawford's garden premises. Besides trampling down with her huge feet the thriving corn hills, the vicious creature made a luscious dinner of an incipient bed of squashes, and in an hour from her entrance the garden was a wreck. Having satisfied her appetite and curiosity, and probably taken a long and lingering look at the remnant of the glory, the dear, patient Brindle, blinking at the sun, to see what o'clock it was, laid down complacently under the wall and went to sleep.

In the afternoon, a little boy, whose business it was to hoe the ground, went down to the gar-

den and discovering the mischief and its author, took up a long stick and flourishing it over the cow's head, politely desired her to go out as she came in, saying to himself, "now Mr. Crawford will put the beast in pound and have a chance to tease the Doctor." Contrary to his expectations, the merchant bid him drive the cow back to the yard and put up the rails so that she could not get out again. The next day a gardener hoed over the garden, and a carpenter repaired the broken fence. Forbearance is a great virtue—whether cultivated as a moral quality or a Christian grace. Possibly there was a little self-righteousness mingled in this returning good for evil, to which Mr. Crawford's nature was not less liable than that of other men—but the inducement to revenge was so strong, that few persons would have withstood it, and for the sake of putting human frailty in the best light, it may be supposed that principle, more than a desire for praise, actuated Mr. Crawford in his conduct.

Summer passed, and at the opening of the fall the merchant went to the city to purchase his autumn stock. Strict injunctions were left in regard to the fowls, lest they should prove an annoyance to the Doctor; but perverse children are exceeded only by perverse pigs, that always go every way but the right one, and by fowls that

prefer stolen corn abroad to an honorable livelihood at home. This might account for the fact that the fowls having escaped the vigilance of the boy, taking a turn in the Doctor's garden and yard, took the idea of serenading the worthy gentleman, who sat in his pumps and double gown, thinking of a patient whom he was likely to lose.

Suddenly, a shrill chorus broke upon his ear, and the lisping accents of a little brood, apparently just learning to talk; a long-limbed chanticleer seemed chorister: Mrs. Brindle looked over the bars, and put in for a deep base; the guinea hen took up a tenor; and altogether, a livelier barn-yard concert never had an audience, and mortal man never had such a serenade! A garden in the fall could not be expected to suffer much from the depredations of fowls, but the indignity of the Doctor supposed himself suffering by their intrusion, could only be equalled by his anger at beholding them. A loaded gun was not long in changing places, and shot after shot was hurled upon the inoffensive brood who had so unwittingly broken the eighth commandment. What were not hurt were so paralyzed with fright they could find no egress from the garden. Chanticleer, who stood perched on the fence—choristers always stand highest—was the first sufferer: he fell backwards "shorn of his glory;"

his comb was matted and bloody, his wings ruffled and discomposed, and a more doleful situation could scarcely be imagined. One by one the dismembered creatures were thrown at chance over the fence into Mr. Crawford's yard; and muttering to himself, the revenged Doctor went back to his house.

An evil temper is its own punisher. Revenge may be enjoyed, but in the end it beeomes a dreadful curse. Sure and speedy misery follows an outbursting temper. Self-respect, self-dignity, and everything that is noble, is wrecked in the tumult of passion. An hour of deeper remorse and humiliation never tinged the twilight of reflection, than the poor Doctor endured that evening, in the solitude of his office. Mr. Crawford had borne from him repeated provocations—he had replied gently to the severest reproaches—repeatedly returned good for his evil—and neglected many opportunities for revenge. Then an evil spirit whispered to him: "You have been twice annoyed in the same way, and *you* gave your word that you should take means to protect your grounds if trespassed upon again." But reason convinced him that these were shabby excuses, and that his conduct had been utterly wrong. That Mr. Crawford was not at home, seemed only an aggravation of his misery. A

spirit of concession was working in his heart. In his house he had been master, and it was the great error of his character that he had expected from the world the same deference he received at home. Like a light glimmering through the tempest from a night-foundered bark, conviction was breaking through the tempest of passion. All night long the contest was going on, right and wrong, principle and pride. Who can doubt which should prevail? After a restless night, the Doctor rose unrefreshed, and unconsciously walked towards his fence. The slightest things may be made instructive lessons, and as the miserable man rested his arm upon the fence, and met from the opposite side the victims of his rage, just as he had left them the day before, tears rained thick and fast upon the paling, and there bitterly did he regret the misery to which an unchecked temper had led him. Domestic troubles were thickening about him. The meek being who had never a wish independent of her husband's happiness, was fast passing to a quiet land, and few who knew the asperity of his temper, doubted that it had worn down the spirits of his wife. Too sensitive to endure without feeling, and too timid to remonstrate against the petulance of a tyrannical husband, she was dying gradually of a broken heart, which the world dis-

guised as a lingering consumption. At breakfast, the paleness of the Doctor betrayed his agitation and want of rest; and breaking a pause in the conversation, he narrated rapidly how he had abused a man from whom he had received no harm, but indirectly many favors, and maliciously destroyed his property in his absence.

Domestic scenes add little to the interest of a narrative, and passing over the humiliating confessions of the Doctor to his wife, it occurred that after many tears and much remorse for the past, he pledged himself, if God spared his life, to become master of his temper, and to free himself forever from the bondage in which it had held him. In a week, a perceptible change was apparent in his house; but at home, where he was loved for the better traits of his nature, he found the less difficulty in the way of reformation. The world was less patient. It seemed to him that he had never been so provoked to ill-humor: and not a few, over whom he had formerly tyrannized, took advantage of his position to pay off old scores, which they had never thought to cancel. A slight impatience at the protracted stay of Mr. Crawford, was the only violation of a pledge in which he had committed himself to live three weeks without getting in a passion. He had determined to acknowledge his year of error

in refusing the acquaintance of a man who had taught him such a valuable lesson; and it was a good evidence of his repentance that he could bring himself to call his conduct to the merchant nothing less than absolute crime.

The earliest opportunity was chosen for an explanation with Mr. Crawford, who proved as willing to forgive as he had been unwilling to revenge injury. Pledged to perpetual friendship, a new fence was erected at their joint expense, between the two estates. The Doctor put a yoke upon his cow—the merchant built an aviary for his fowls, and painted in large letters over the door, "bear and forbear."

The Doctor grew in grace, and to his popularity as a physician, and his wealth as a citizen, soon added the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

To be a real romantic story, such as was desired of the writer, there must have been a sudden recovery of the invalid wife, and a re-union of broken domestic love; but as the main incidents of this sketch have many parallels in real life, the poor dear lady died, and was buried; and the Doctor afterwards, as if his repentance had not sufficiently atoned for his sin, was again married to a lady as distinguished for her ill-humor as his former wife had been for her docility.

Hence the principle afterwards became a matter of necessity with the Doctor, which he had hitherto only regarded as a virtue. But the bond between Mr. Crawford and himself was indissoluble; and, in after years, he had a thousand occasions to bless his stars, that he had learned the practice as well as the theory of the lesson, "Bear and Forbear."

THE BRIDAL OF DEATH.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

She was the sister of my heart,
As beauteous as the flower
That blooms beneath the smile of God
In some secluded bower.
I loved her in my childhood's days
All earthly things above,
And round my boyish heart she twined
The white arms of her love.

Together, 'mid the old pine woods,
We strayed at morning's dawn,
Or plucked the early primroses
That glistened on the lawn.
Ah, me! I see her angel form
Before my spirit rise,
As, like an earthly sunbeam, once
She blessed my happy eyes.

Ah, still I see her radiant brow
Encircled with its light—
Her pure thoughts clustering round her form
Like seraph garments bright—
Her soft cheek pressed against mine own,
Her arms around my neck—
While lovingly her white hands strove
With flowers my brow to deck.

The sunny years flew swiftly on,
And in my sister's soul
The breathing of another's love
Like earnest music stole.
Dear, white-robed sister of my heart—
She loved not less her brother—
Her spirit's life was love itself,
And richly blessed another.

His was a noble, earnest soul,
And worthy thus to share
That heart, and all the holy thoughts
Which had their 'emple there.
She gave the chosen of her soul,
In all its glorious youth,
Her spirit's gushing tenderness,
And high and holy truth.

Ah! gladsome times were then, in sooth,
Within the homestead old—
And hearts were bounding joyously
That now are still and cold.
A tear and smile together beamed
Within my sister's eye—
The lover's step was light and free,
His bearing proud and high.

The wedding-day!—the wedding-day!—
The village maids were glad—
My sister's wedding-day was fixed—
What heart could then be sad?
The sunlight fell before our door—
Fell from the sky so mild,
As if upon my sister's joy
The happy angels smiled.

The birds attuned anew their throats,
A bridal song to breathe—
The flowers seemed gathering fresher bloom,
The bridal crowns to wreathe.
Oh! bright, and blue, and beautiful,
The Heavens seemed to be—
Not even a cloudlet in the sky
Our happy eyes could see!

Yet there was one—a light, thin cloud—
A light, thin, feathery cloud—
Alas! we saw it not, though soon
Our happy hearts it bowed.
My sister's smile grew sadder then—
Her voice was weak and low,
A weariness and pain she felt—
And then our hearts beat slow.

A few short days, and fever's hand
Fell heavy on her frame;
We strove to banish, then, the fears
That o'er our spirits came.
The cloud fell down upon our house—
The sunlight fled away—
Dark grew our hearts as nearer came
The hoped-for wedding-day.

The wedding-day—the wedding-day—
Ah, me! that man should know
Such sorrow and such agony
As that young lover's wo.
He knew that his beloved must die—
His heart grew like to lead;
He gazed upon her fading form,
And all his hopes were dead.

We strove to soothe his breaking heart,
To turn aside his thought—
To whisper hope within his ear,
Although we felt it not;—
He only gazed with earnest eyes
Upon his dying bride;
And prayed us sad and sorrowingly
To lay him by her side.

The wedding-day drew nearer still—
The wedding-day came on—
And from my sister's eyes the light
Of life was nearly gone.
Her breath was faint—her pulse was mute—
Her holy eyes grew dim—
And softly from her parted lips
She breathed a dying hymn.

A hymn of high and blessed hope,
That once a holy sire,
Whose blood was in my sister's veins,
Had wakened from his lyre.
And as the seraph music rose
Around that dying bed,
The spirit of the angel girl
To her dear father sped.

The lover hung upon the strain—
His heart with it was filled—
He moved not when we spoke to him—
His very breath was stilled.
He listened—we had ceased to hear—
He smiled, but spoke no word—
Perchance the notes of angels' songs
His raptured spirit heard.

From earthly friends his soul no more
  Their sympathy might crave—
He spoke no word—his bride was dead—
  His heart was in the grave.
But we fulfilled his earnest prayer,
  And sadly, side by side,
Within one grave—their bridal bed—
  We laid him with his bride.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS;

OR,

THE CONTENTS OF A PRIVATE DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. S. H.

Ten years have passed since my eye has rested upon the contents of this old drawer—fond, trivial records of days long past. Some have called forth a careless laugh or exclamation, and over others again the deeper fountains of the heart have been stirred, and more than once I have found the hot tears dropping thick and fast among the glittering records before me. The very first that presents itself has provoked a smile. Cousin Frank—gay, laughing, provoking Cousin Frank—was there ever a plan projected in my girlish days, a plot laid, or anything undertaken, that you were not there with your ready wit and never-ending pleasantries, to participate in and generally to spoil? Were my moss-rose buds snapped from their stems, my portfolio rifled, or my caged birds once more mysteriously on the wing, I could always trace back the mischief to Cousin Frank. And even this, his last gift, was

given because he thought it might perchance be the means of teasing a certain person, who had been found guilty of the grievous crime of writing Sonnets to ——.

Let me see, and what has ten years made of Cousin Frank—nothing but an old bachelor! His mind never rested long enough upon one subject to be anything else; and even now his sole object in life seems to be only to gather from "men and things" food for his indomitable spirit of mischief and fun. His whole life is a lavish waste of talents: but I will not (though I feel strongly tempted) indulge in complaining of, nor in scolding Cousin Frank, for he has a good heart, and very often sheds the sunshine of his joyous spirit over my otherwise perhaps monotonous, though happy home.

The sight of these small ivory tablets has sent a feeling, like that of childhood, through all my veins. They were the gift of my only sister—the sharer of all my joys and all my sorrows; and a blessing to my path was that sister. Her more decided character led me ever to look up to her for guidance, and it was with a gentle but strong hand, that she directed me in the path of duty. How happy were we then in our young, unsullied years, deeming that because gentle winds only had visited us, we should sail ever on

a summer sea. But there came a day of parting for us. To me it was a day of smiles and tears; and she looking so calm and happy: for it was her bridal day! I can see her even yet: her high, pale brow, and her soft eyes, which were eloquent with the very light of love, gleaming forth from the wite veil. It seemed in that hour of parting that I loved her more than ever. She has been happy in her love, happy in her husband, and moves the very light of her home, dispensing cheerfulness and joy to those around her. Heaven's blessing rest upon her!

And this tress of silken hair!—how memory goes back, at the sight of it, through the long vista of ten years, recalling buried hopes and joys. That silken tress was taken from the brow, damp with the dews of death, of one of my earliest and dearest friends. Edith was a wayward, but a gentle, loving creature, all smiles and tears, and though I have never seen one whom I thought more surpassingly beautiful, yet the chief characteristic of her beauty, was a winning gentleness, a softness of manner, that won irresistibly upon all hearts. Edith had not an enemy in the world. Beneath her gentle exterior, she bore a tide of deep, strong, and eloquent feeling. Gentle and refined, she had been nurtured in the very lap of luxury, and could I have shielded her

young years from the blight of care and grief, how gladly would I have done so.

I hardly know how to finish the task I have essayed, such bitter thoughts are crowding upon me, as I gaze upon this sole record of one whose destiny was so intimately connected with my own, and whom I loved, while living, with such a yearning, clinging tenderness. It is an "oft-told tale,"—a simple one, of *unrequited* love,—of the gathering up of the heart's richest and best affections, and the free lavishing of its full tide of love upon one wholly unconscious of its wealth. It was not strange that an enthusiastic and trusting spirit like Edith's, should have become enthralled under the influence of a mind like that of A——. The deep world of thought which the rich stores of his intellect unfolded to her, day by day, gave her glimpses of a more glorious life. Unconsciously, but too surely, the chain was woven, and, long even before she was aware of the fact, Edith loved. I saw every day her cheek grow warmer, her eyes brighter, at his approach, till at length the very chords of her existence were woven with his. It was a new life to her—the earth, the sea, the sky, "seemed to grow fairer for his sake." Edith was not a strong-minded, self-dependent woman, who could resist the strong current; but one who, when the knowledge came

all too truly to her heart that her love was as the spent rain, bowed her fair head, and without a word or murmur, withdrew within herself to brood over the wreck of all her own bright hopes. I tried to arouse her to a sense of womanly pride —to resistance—but it was in vain. *Pride* could find no place in a heart so entirely devoted in its love. Her very consciousness, acting upon a spirit almost morbid in its sensitiveness, was too much for her delicate frame, and it was with feelings of unutterable anguish that I saw her once bounding step becoming languid and slow, and her merry laugh losing its joyousness. To those who knew and loved her, she seemed now to possess a new beauty: there was an eloquence, as it were, pervading her whole appearance—a calm resignation resting upon her fair brow, which, though it drew her nearer to us, told the knell to all our hopes. But I cannot dwell upon the picture. Enough that Edith died—that she gladly veiled from her eyes, with the dark curtain of the tomb, the world of misery which her first awakening from the bright dreams of youth and hope had opened before her. It was Autumn when she died—

"In the cold moist earth we laid her
When the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief.

Yet not unmeet it was that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers!"

Time, with its healing wing passed by, but the memory of Edith was still cherished by me, with the same clinging fervor as when I had a daily companionship with her, and lived only in the light of her loving and living smiles. Time, as I have said, passed by, and all the deep love of A——'s gifted spirit, which had been withheld from the shrine of Edith's gentle loveliness, was lavished as a free gift on me. With his deep sense of moral rectitude, his high-toned and generous feelings, and withal a proud reliance upon his integrity of purpose in all things, I should have yielded myself to the charm which his presence was so well calculated to exert, had not my lost Edith's pale, sweet face, and soft, imploring eyes, ever risen before me, causing me to live over and over again, the hours when, reclining in my arms, with her cheek resting upon mine, she had wept away her young life in a "too vain worship" of human intellect and genius. A—— left forever the home of his youth, and I have since watched, from my quiet retreat, his proud career. Honored by his fellow-men, he

stands now, in all the "pride of place," exemplifying well the poet's words—

"Warriors and *Statesmen* have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer men record,
But the long sacrifice of *Woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word.
And many a holy struggle for the sake
Of duties, sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind
And leaves no memory and trace behind!"

It is in such a retrospect, over these slight records, that I have indulged my fancy, and dwelt an hour on recollections of by-gone years. The magic of both light and shade has been cast upon the picture of my life, and I turn from its contemplation with a heart filled to overflowing with thankfulness and love. After the tumult and the loneliness,—the sunshine and the shade of life,—at twenty-eight my heart has folded its wings, and rests in the fullness of its repose. As the wife, cherished and beloved, of a minister of the Holy Gospel, who, by untiring devotion to his high calling, is improving the talents, and performing nobly the mission which God has given him,—as the wife of such a man my heart finds constant employment in adapting itself to his

standard, and his views of the duties of woman. He does not deem her lot a secondary one, but believes her immortality as complete, and her gift of mind as capable as man's. It has been said that women are *naturally* Christians. But it is far from being so. They may live on—and how many thousands do—without committing any violation of a known law, seemingly innocent, because *passive* members of society. Their hearts may even be the abiding place of kindly affections and impulses, exercised almost intuitively, yet without the active graces of the Spirit, without that piety which goes out in love over the whole broad earth, and in *effective* exertions for the good of all those within their sphere of influence, how greatly and fearfully are they responsible! God has given us glorious gifts and powers, that we might grasp at intellectual greatness, and revel in the might of *mind*. Yet not for this alone, for though we reach the highest state of cultivation of which the mind is capable, yet lack the quiet exercise, and gentle influence of home affections,—the cultivation of the graces of the Spirit, meekness, forbearance, kindness, long-suffering, charity;—if we lack these we have failed to perform our mission.

MARY EDWARDS;

OR,

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF HUMBLE LIFE.

THE first of January, 1841, was a clear, cold day in New England—her thousand hills were white with snow, and the wind whistled mournfully through her valleys; the rivers were frozen, and all nature presented a cheerless appearance, but beaming eyes and merry hearts proclaimed that peace and plenty are the birth-rights of Yankees.

The sun described a small arc in the Heavens, and then disappeared behind the western hills in a flood of golden light, and left the peerless moon and myriads of bright stars, sleepless watchers of the night.

In one of the large and flourishing towns on the banks of the Connecticut, all seemed merriment and joy—dull care was frowned away, while sleigh-riders glided over the hills to the tune of their thousand bells; even the crack of the muffled stage-driver's whip, as he drew up his prancing steeds before the door of the Coffee House, had something musical in its sound.

But in the gayest scenes, there must be some-

Painted by H. Corbould. Engraved on Steel by G. B. Ellis.

thing of sadness, and the merriest groups ever contain some breaking hearts; and there was a house of mourning even here.

There is a neat mansion over on the hill yonder, which speaks neither wealth nor poverty, but an inside view will be more satisfactory. There were two persons seated by a centre-table, the coals were burning brightly in the grate, and the astral lamp shed a softened light over the neatly-furnished apartment.

One, an elderly lady, was clad in the habiliments of mourning: the effects of age were slightly visible upon her features, still fine and classical in their outline. The other was a young lady of some seventeen years, and daughter of the elder: her figure and movements were remarkable for artless simplicity and unaffected grace. Her hair was smoothly parted over her forehead, and her plain mourning dress contrasted beautifully with the pure white of her neck and face. As her mother spoke occasionally, her eyes were bent upon her with an expression affectionate and sad, for, though young, she had known sorrow, and her tones of voice such as it would be impossible to imitate, or to describe. I do not intend to convey to the reader an idea of perfection. Mary Edwards was not perfect, but had one listened to the conversation between herself and mother, they

would have realized the truth of that saying of a good man, who was speaking of his sister — "Woman," said he, "like the snow from Heaven, is the fairest thing we see when fair, and the foulest when debased and polluted."

Mary sat a long time in a musing attitude, then went to the window and gazed long upon the bright scene without. Her mother observed her abstraction, and inquired if she regretted having refused an invitation to join a party of pleasure on that evening.

"No, dear mother," she replied, "you know that I cannot enjoy the gay society after the scenes we have so lately witnessed;" and the tear trembled in her eye as she thought of the kind and noble brother who now lay in his cold grave. Mrs. Edwards looked at Mary, and pointed upwards with her finger; Mary, like the guilty Peter, *felt* the reproof. "Yes, mother," said she, "God's will be done."

Mrs. Edwards had, when young, been left a widow, with three small children, the two eldest sons, the other her daughter Mary, with whom the reader has been made slightly acquainted. Thus, early in life, was she made to pass through a furnace of affliction, but she meekly bowed to the chastening hand which had taken from her the desire of her eyes, and, subduing her grief,

devoted herself to the education of her children. They were dutiful and kind, but the eldest, Henry, had ever a longing for the sea, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his mother, and the tears of his gentle sister, he mildly but firmly persisted in his resolution.

James, the younger brother, had studied law, and had just entered upon the practice of his profession, with high hopes and expectations, when a fever laid him low, and finally brought him to an untimely grave. But his friends mourned not as those without hope: he had died full of the hope of a blessed immortality. But they were not alone the sufferers, for he had loved deeply and fondly, and his affections had been returned with that trusting devotion which woman bestows upon but one idol: there is no room in the heart's pure shrine for a second. Poor Julia Day! she was stricken to the earth by the blow! She lived now but for one object — that of doing good, and, at the last great day, there will be many from Heathen lands who will bless her as having been the means of their salvation.

Mary turned slowly away from the window, and, drawing a low stool close by the side of her mother, laid her head upon that lap which had been her resting-place in infancy; a kind hand smoothed caressingly her glossy hair, and an

expression of affection was in her countenance, such only as beams from a dear mother's face. She asked no question, her woman's heart rightly divined the cause of her daughter's depression, while Mary's thoughts were with other scenes, and bright days now gone forever. The summer previous, Mary, with her brother, and a party of young friends, had visited the summit of Mount Holyoke; the day was clear and bright, and all were in fine spirits; they gazed with delighted eyes upon the extensive and beautifully diversified prospect before them. At length a stranger appeared from behind a mass of rocks, who was recognized by James Edwards, and introduced by him to his sister and friends, as Mr. Lee. James had made acquaintance with him during a short residence in Boston. Mr. Lee now joined their party, and accompanied them home, and was pleased with the modesty, beauty and intelligence of Mary Edwards; he remained in town a few days, and, at the urgent solicitation of James, became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Edwards' house. Mary discovered that he had read all her favorite authors, and appeared familiarly acquainted with many she had never read; he could sympathize with her in her love of all that is beautiful in nature, and a refined and highly cultivated taste led him rightly to appreciate all that is worthy of

admiration in the works of art. He explored with her the mysteries of revealed religion, and taught her to "look through Nature up to Nature's God."

Mary's feelings became very much enlisted in his favor, and when he took his leave, her eyes beamed with delight, as he gratefully accepted her mother's invitation to visit them again soon. He had been with them often during James' illness, and was with them when he breathed his last, administering those Heavenly consolations which are so acceptable at that trying hour. He was beloved for his kind and sympathizing heart, and respected for his deep-toned, fervent piety. It was now more than two months since they had seen or heard from him, and having never made any professions of attachment, Mary had the mortification of believing that she had "unsought been won," added to the grief of loving hopelessly. She blamed herself severely for ever having thought he could love one so utterly unworthy of him, not only much his inferior in years, but in intellect — in piety. She knew he was not wealthy, for he was a young clergyman; but she did not know that his talents and piety were rapidly bringing him forward, and that he bid fair to become one of the most useful laborers in his Master's vineyard.

All these thoughts ran through Mary's mind in much less time than it has taken to record them. Mrs. Edwards was a woman of cultivated understanding, and deeply read in the intricacies of the human heart; her instructions had always the effect to purify the feelings, and to direct the affections aright; Mary had now come to her for advice and consolation, and it was given freely, and she felt that in the full enjoyment of such love, she need wish for no other. Alas! she little understood her own heart. We may endeavor to deceive ourselves—but it is in vain, there is a love in our hearts which is stronger than the love of kindred — stronger even than the love of life. They spoke of the absent Henry—the wanderer from home, kindred and country. Where was Henry? Perhaps a cast-away on some desert island; and, perhaps, (it was not unlikely,) homeward bound. They were interrupted by the clock of the church, as it struck eight—then was heard a noise at the door — Mary ran to the window — her heart beating with undefined sensations of delight, and saw a sleigh-stage from which a man was taking baggage.

"Mother," said she, "it must be Henry!" and sure enough it was Henry! He came in without much ceremony,—affectionately embraced his

mother and sister, who welcomed him with joyful hearts.

"Mother," said he, "I have been promoted to a Captaincy, and I shall go but one voyage more, and then come back rich, and live with you the rest of my days."

He had heard of the death of his brother, before arriving in port, and a tear trickled down his weather-beaten face as he made this eulogy—

"Jim was a good fellow—always had fair breezes—guess he's found a safe harbor at last."

He was interrupted by a ring at the door-bell —again Mary's heart went pit-pat—for she heard a well-known voice in the hall, and Mr. Lee entered the parlor door; he saluted all around, and apologized for having called at so late an hour, saying business had detained him since his arrival in town. Henry gave him a most cordial welcome, on hearing that he was his brother's dearest friend.

The close of that evening was as happy as the beginning had been sad, for, before Mary Edwards rested her head upon her pillow, she was the affianced wife of Morton Lee, and Henry had promised to live with his mother in Boston, near his sister. This arrangement was agreeable to all parties, but particularly to Mary, who was one of the very few who rightly appreciate the purity of

a mother's love, the blessing of her counsel, and disinterested kindness. Let us not wait till our aged parents are laid in their graves before we affectionately remember their care of us in our infancy and childhood, but endeavor, by every means in our power, to prove ourselves not ungrateful. Then may we in *our* old age, reasonably hope to be loved, esteemed and honored.

H. E. M.

TO MARION.

Why, maiden, art thou sad? So young, so fair,
What can thy gentle bosom know of sorrow?
For age are meant the furrowing lines of care:
Why, then, such moody airs shall malden borrow?

Pray, hast thou caught that magic mirror's gleam,
Of fond fifteen, so apt to light the heart,
Melting the seal of love's bewildering dream —
And at its revelations dost thou start?

So hath it been, so must it ever be,
When first, in seeming solitude, we hear
The voice of Echo; though, in ecstasy,
We fluttering follow, like charmed birds, in fear

And thou dost find an echo every where, —
A voice that blends with every tuneful tone,
In every melody that melts on air;
And yet that voice — pray, is it all unknown?

There is an image o er the earth and sea,
Wherever grace or beauty seem to dwell —
A rainbow or a man. Confess to me, —
And if it's Sandy, maid, I will not tell.

THE AGE OF HAIR.

As every dog must have his day,
Fools take their turn, and have their sway.
'Tis thus, conceiving man's chief part
To glorify the tailor's art,
The dandy struts his little season—
An ape in all—e'en lack of reason.
Nay, we forget: the true-born ape
Eschews a tail; but on the shape
Of that which decorates his end,
The dandy's station doth depend;
For if it deviate a hair
From Stultz's*—O, despair! despair!
So, ape, forgive the slip we made:
Thy rank and station 'twould degrade,
To place thy tailless dignity
Beside the dandy, in degree—
A thing that glories in a cue,
And that, perchance, not paid for—whew!

But earthly pleasures pass away;
Kings turn to dust, and queens to clay;

* It may be necessary to say to the uninitiated, that *Stultz* is, or was, the prince of London tailors, and has exercised as extensive and despotic a sway as any other tyrant of modern times.

To other hands their sceptres go;
On other brows their diadems glow.
So e'en the dandy's dynasty
Must yield at last to fate's decree.
A darkling change comes on; for, lo!
The latest fashion's on Jim Crow;
And every Sambo in the street
On Sunday has it quite complete!
There's no mistake; 'tis Stultz's last
And best; his air, and cut, and cast;
His collar, cuff, and — gods, turn pale! —
That last, best tailor's gift — his tail!

Though all is lost, still hope survives,
And on defeat fond fancy thrives.
Genius of apes! come, aid thy friends,
And make thy worshippers amends!
Descend, and say what can be done
To give the flats another run;
And help poor, witless, worthless elves
T' excite the envy of themselves,
And make the gaping throng of fools —
Their cheated followers and tools —
Unconscious that the good and wise
Such monkey mockery despise.
Kind goddess! hear the fond request,
And let thy worshippers be blest!

Such is the prayer; and not in vain
'Tis wafted over hill and plain,
By angel apes, on wings unseen,
To the fair goddess, Folly's queen.

Soft is her heart, and, soon as known,
The wish is granted: from her throne
The mandate goes: thus doth it run—
"The dynasty of Stult is done;
The age of Hair is now begun."

O happy thought! 'twill do, 'twill do!
Grow hairy as a Turk or Jew!
Delightful task, with watchful toil,
To bathe thy budding hopes in oil;
With fresh Macassar, thrice a day,
Like Esquimaux, to steep thy clay;
And when, at last, thou seem'st a beast,—
Some rank, two-legged goat, at least,—
To make the badger and the bear
Thy prototype, and dote on hair!
Heed not, if squeamish wights shall feel
A sickness o'er their bosoms steal
At sight of thee—half man, half beast—
A Centaur, with his whiskers greased—
A thing in which the immortal mind
Sprouts into bristles unconfined!
Heed not, but cultivate thy hair;
Thy starveling soul's not worth thy care.
Its littleness thou best canst hide
With soap-locks, flowing loose and wide.
So, having nothing else to show,
Let thy rank beard and whisker grow;
Conceal the human face divine,
And let thy model be—a swine;
Put on the animal, display the brute,
And be a thing of hair from head to foot!

Nor heed, if thus the world shall know,
As thy exuberant ringlets flow,
Thy beard or whiskers goat-like swell,
Goat-like thou lackest brains! Farewell.
But mark, at parting, Sambo's woolly fleece
Puts thine to shame, with all its *glorious* grease;
More full his locks, his *moustache* still more dark,
His whiskers quite as swinish, rough, and stark!

STANZAS.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

THERE are who scorn the Muses' voice,
  Who deem the lyre but weak and vain;
Who care not for the minstrel's choice,
  His words of fire, and deathless reign.

If o er the desert waste of life
  There bloomed apart a lowly flower,
And round the haunts of sin and strife
  Its perfume lent a soothing power, —

Say, would you trample down the bud,
  And tear its crimson leaves away —
Revile the spot whereon it stood,
  And laugh to see the rose decay?

And will ye spurn the humble lyre,
  That seeks to calm the spirit's woe, —
Exult to bid its notes expire,
  And lay its gentle music low?

No! let its strings unharmed remain:
  The world hath but few sunny days;
And it hath eased the mourner's pain,
  And filled his soul with cheerful lays.

Yes, when the furrowed brow of man
  Is worn with chilling blasts of fate,
Ay, when his cup has just o'erran,
  And all below looks desolate,—

That seraph bright, in mercy then,
  Will wake her sweetest notes of power,
And take the prisoned soul again
  Within her own Elysian bower!

SONNET.

The senses are but prison gates, through which
The mind, incarcerate, looks dimly out
Upon the world; and yet how glorious
This faint and partial glimpse! The ear lets in
Upon a harp, deep set within the soul,
The trembling air; and this, though sepulchred
In clay, hath still the power to shape the lapse
Of the thin fluid into flowing music.
If, then, the soul, by these poor aids of sense,
Hath such a power, what must it be when, free
And franchised from the prison gloom, it looks on God,
And all his work, in the full light of heaven?—
And when it hears the hymning voice of love
Eternal poured from angel voices round?

TO A LADY.

THAT pensive brow may seem to speak of sorrow;
  Yet in thine eye a dawn of pleasure lurks,
Just as to-night holds dalliance with to-morrow,
  Behind yon hills where blushing morning smirks.

That veil may tell of clouds that dim thy days;
  Yet through the mist the sun is fairest seen;
For then we dare to fix the enraptured gaze,
  Where all too bright, unclouded, were its sheen.

Thy lip is arched, as if perchance in scorn;
  Yet tell me, lady, prithee tell me why
'Tis like to Cupid's bow, which, though it warn,
  Wakes the wild wish its gentle shafts to try?

SONG OF ESPOUSAL.

BY LIEUT. WM. B. GREENE, U. S. A.

O, BRIGHT is the glance from a lady's eye,
And soft is the tint on her rosy cheek,
And sweet are the tones of love's minstrelsy,
When the hopes of the bard in his numbers speak;
But dearer, far dearer, art thou, my bride,
Than the throbbings of love or the measures of hope;
Far brighter thy flash than the glances of pride;
Thy language more melting than bard ever spoke.

Then hail to my SWORD! to my own fair bride!
To my first, to my last, to my only love!
In the darkness of death shalt thou dwell by my side,
O my first and my only love!

When the banner shall droop on the broken lance,
And the heart shall beat low to the fleeting breath,
Our loves shall be sung, with a wild-measured dance,
Where havock keeps time to the harpings of death.
The couch of our bridal shall be the damp ground,
With the blue cannon-smoke for a canopy spread,
While the drum with the bugle shall mingle its sound
For a wild serenade to the fair one I wed.

Then hail to my SWORD! to my own fair bride!
To my first, to my last, to my only love!
In the darkness of death shalt thou dwell by my side,
O my first and my only love!

FORT RUSSELL, E. F., *Feb.* 9, 1840.

Drawn by R. Woodman. Engraved by E. Finden.

BLUE-STOCKINGS

BY J. A. JONES.

THERE is no word in the English language which is faster losing its signification than that of "blue-stockings." Indeed, it has become so thoroughly changed, that the little Queen should send a peremptory mandamus to the fellows of Brazen Nose or Oriel, commanding them to coin a new word to supply its place. Fifteen years ago, it was understood, in common parlance, to mean a woman between thirty and forty years of age,—usually nearer the former than the latter,—of questionable claims to strength of mind or solidity of judgment, of a freckled or sallow complexion, with coarse hair, bad eyes, bad teeth, bad gait, large feet, a pug nose,—an inordinate snuff-taker, a termagant in disposition, a radical in petticoats, and, in matters of faith, either a bigot or a skeptic. To suppose for a moment that a "blue" could be sensible, or beautiful, or sprightly; could dance with grace, or sing with effect, or be possessed of

any of the charms and witcheries which hover around the steps of an elegant and accomplished woman, — would have been accounted a singular hallucination of the judgment, a remarkable mistake of the eyes and ears. A "blue" was thought to be estimated at her full value when reckoned at the wholesale price of an old lexicon; her peculiar province being supposed to be the settling of disputes in philology, and the reading of Newton, Locke, and Boyle, with the village schoolmaster. But, reader, mark the change which fifteen years have made in the opinions and feelings of the public. Now, to wit, in the month of ——, in the year 1840—1, to be a "blue," means to be a lady, beautiful, gentle, virtuous, sprightly, musical, dancical; one possessed of all the elegant accomplishments; with a snowy forehead, and a swan-like neck, locks of glossy brown shading it; a foot that touches the earth like snow, and a hand like the down of the cygnet; and a step so light and aërial, that you can compare it to nothing but the attempt of a beautiful bird to light upon a slender-stemmed wild flower. Such is the idea at present attached to *bluism*. Though a lady aspires to be a leader of the *beau monde*, let her remember that, at the

present day, she strengthens her claims to distinction in the world of taste and fashion, when she shows herself capable of writing two stanzas of sense and metre, or a couple of pages of racy prose.

My friend Major Roche is a very clever fellow, — rich, good-tempered, and tolerably well informed, — a tasteful dresser, a good dancer, and as skilful a musician and painter as a mere amateur should be; but he had, — *has* is not the word, — in my estimation, one striking blemish; it was that of showing absolute horror for the class of females described under the once unlucky epithet "blues." He disliked learned ladies so much, that, in truth, he had little acquaintance with women of sense; the honor of his notice being seldom extended beyond those who were entirely unsuspected of capacity to give offence on the score of much learning or deep reading. Never did my friend bestow a second glance, or second bow, upon the unfortunate female suspected of *bluism*. Mark the sequel. Robin Roche lost his heart to a blue-stocking. Would you believe it of one so thoroughly a worshipper of the opposite qualities in a female? — he was led a willing captive in the meshes of a blue-eyed girl, who could

talk you Latin as the famous Colman the younger proposed to sell butter, — by the yard, — and who was much better read in the Greek authors than many who have favored the world with erudite translations of, and annotations upon, them.

He had reached his twenty-seventh year, without giving a single indication of an intention to follow the example of his fathers in taking a wife to his bosom. He had been long given over as incorrigible; and even the children of his friends were taught to lisp, in connection with his name, the ominous note, "old bachelor." Women of sense, it was seen, he avoided, and he was supposed to possess too much of that redeeming quality, to marry a fool. So the sentimental wrote him down one who had determined to tread the "weary path of life" alone. Fond lovers and the happily married pitied his forlorn state, and deprecated his crazed resolve; while those who were poor in the treasures of connubial felicity, applauded him to the skies for his wisdom, and pointed him out as a second Daniel come to judgment.

We were in London in the latter part of the month of August, which, as all of you that have lived in England know, is a period of great

dulness. Major Roche then came to me, and, complaining of *ennui*, proposed that we should take a trip to Paris, and see what they were doing in the *Boulevard Italien*, and saying in the *Chaussée d'Autin*. It was the very thing I had been conning over in my mind for some three weeks before; so I gave a ready acquiescence, and we set out the next day for Dover, there to take shipping for the port once denominated by British monarchs "our city of Calais." Nothing occurred worthy of note till we had been received on board the boat which yearly conveys so many idle fellows across the Channel, to lose their money at *écarté*, in the *salons* of Paris, or otherwise waste it in dissipations of which that capital is so prolific.

I was walking the deck of the steamer, ruminating on matters and things, — the beauty of the English coast, the smoothness of the sea, — when my friend the major came up to me with anxiety depicted on his fine countenance, a slight blush crossing his handsome cheek, and his manner very solemn and thoughtful. Taking me by my arm, and drawing a very deep sigh, he ejaculated, "My time has come!" Not knowing the motive or feeling which prompted the exclamation, I confess I was much startled

by it. I am a firm believer in signs, omens, and portents, vulgarly called forerunners; and it struck me that he had received one of those "solemn hints" which announce our speedy disappearance from the theatre of earthly troubles and vanities. I was at the point of repeating Wolsey's pathetic lament on the brevity and uncertainty of human life and honors, when I was relieved from my fears — that is, the sombre class of them — by his second exclamation, "She is an angel!"

"Who is an angel?" I demanded.

"The lovely little creature who is sitting at the door of the ladies' cabin, *tête-à-tête* with a gentleman old enough to be her father. And thus it is, 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' But, Chester, you shall see this beautiful girl, and judge if I have not reason to be thus smitten."

On descending to the cabin, the first glimpse I caught of the object of Roche's sudden passion, was certainly such as led me to think highly of his taste. I do not think I ever saw a more beautiful woman. Indeed, were I required to point out the most beautiful face I have ever seen, I should name hers. And then there dwelt such an unspeakable charm in her countenance,

and so much grace in her manner, so much — but she was incomparable. Happily for the major, the gentleman who attended her proved to be an old acquaintance of mine, a married man, with daughters nearly as old as his lovely ward. At my request, he introduced "Miss Lemmen." Behold, then, my friend on the summit of human felicity. He was soon able to engross the whole conversation of the lovely girl, his tender interest increasing every moment, while the glance of her soft eye evinced decided approbation of his conversation and manners. Before they had been half an hour in each other's company, I set them down "paired *and* matched." I never saw two persons become more deeply enamored at a first interview. Happily, the subjects first introduced were those he had been accustomed to hear discussed in fashionable circles — dress, dancing, music, drawing, recent marriages and engagements in the *beau monde*, parties formed for the watering-places, — all topics of much and engrossing interest in the higher circles. So far all was well; but as those who begin to feel *la belle passion* are always more or less poetical and sentimental, and, like the dying Falstaff, "babble of green fields," my enamored friend would needs be asking the

young lady if she was fond of retirement and country life.

"Above all things! O, I do so delight in it," she answered, her beautiful eyes glistening with rapture, "that I think I could bear banishment for life to very many of the quiet and secluded spots one finds in England. (Here the major began to rub his hands in ecstasy.) I never liked the noise and bustle of town life, but always preferred a walk through a shady grove, or by the banks of a murmuring brook, to all the gayety of the parks and promenades. I could better enjoy such a stroll than a "show-off" at the levee of the Queen; and for balls and assemblies, and *mazurkas* and *galopades*, and all that sort of thing, can they compare with ripe strawberries plucked by one's own hand, and eaten with new cream in one's own summer-house? No: I should prefer seclusion, and a narrower homage, being of opinion with Ovid,

'Vive sine invidia mollesque inglorios annos,
Exige et amicitias tibi junge pares.'"

Gentle reader, be so good as to look at the picture in the Athenæum, painted for this point of my story. See how faithfully and accurately the artist has depicted the surprise, horror, agony, of

the worthy soldier, at finding his newly-enshrined idol a blue-stocking. One hand is uplifted in astonishment; the other shades his eyes from the bright spectre of youth and beauty. He is endeavoring to leave the chair to which the soft vision has chained him. In the countenance of the lady, there is some surprise, and not a little chagrin, visible; and the under lip, the least in the world, pouting, shows pique; but the predominating expression is that of subdued laughter at his look and gestures.

In spite of the unhappy quotation from Ovid, Major Roche married the charming Harriett Lemmen, immediately on his return from Paris. He has quite forgotten his horror of learned ladies in the acquaintance he has made with one of the greatest sinners of the class. When any thing is said in his presence against blues, or when doubts are expressed of their making pleasant companions, my friend, bestowing a kiss on the little white hand or smooth forehead of the sweet creature at his side, exclaims, *Vide et crede*

AMBITION.

Virtue alone can bless: 'tis Heaven's law—
God's mighty will—man's universal doom:
All this we know—a trite, familiar saw,
Rung in the ear from childhood to the tomb.

We know that life is short; we know its end—
For all around doth whisper of the grave;
The ocean drinks the river; forests bend,
Giving to winter what the summer gave.

And still Ambition to some giddy height
Leads us away, and tempts us, and we kneel;
Yet, ere we grasp these kingdoms of delight,
Loud in the ear Death rings his hollow peal.

Painted by A. Colin.

Engraved by [illegible]

ZULEIKA.

"Why, with gems and jewels rare,
Why, Zuleika, deck thy hair?
Why so intent thy hazel eye
Upon the braid thy fingers ply?"

'Tis to be a Harem-queen,
Slave of one she ne'er hath seen;
'Tis for such a sacrifice
The victim now her magic plies.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

There is a tradition at Rome, that an imaginative French girl died of love for this celebrated statue.

It was a day of festival in Rome,
And to the splendid temple of her saint
Many a brilliant equipage swept on;
Brave cavaliers reined their impetuous steeds,
While dark-robed priests and bright-eyed peasants strolled,
Mid groups of citizens, in gay attire.
The suppliant moan of the blind mendicant
Blent with the huckster's cry, the urchin's shout,
The clash of harness, and the festive cheer.
Beneath the colonnade ranged the Swiss guards
With polished halberds — an anomaly —
Of mountain-lineage, and yet hirelings!
In the midst rose the majestic obelisk,
Quarried in Egypt, centuries by-gone;
While on either side gushed up refreshingly
The lofty fountains, flashing in the sun,
And breathing, mid the din, a whisper soft,
Yet finely musical as childhood's laugh.
Here a stranger stood in mute observance;

There an artist leaned, and pleased his eye
With all the features of the shifting scene,
Striving to catch its varying light and shade—
The mingled tints of gorgeousness and gloom.
Through the dense crowd a lovely maiden pressed
With a calm brow, an eagerness of air,
And an eye exultant with high purpose.
The idle courtier checked his ready jest,
And backward stepped in reverence, as she passed;
The friar turned and blest her fervently,
Reading the joy in her deep look of love
Which visits pilgrims when their shrine is won.
To the rich chambers of the Vatican
She hurried thoughtfully, nor turned to muse
Upon the many glories clustered there.
There are rooms whose walls are radiant still
With the creations of the early dead—
Raphael, the gifted and the beautiful.
Fit places those for sweet imaginings
And spirit-stirring dreams. She entered not.
Gems of rare hues and stranger workmanship,
Ancient sarcophagi, heroic forms,
Busts of the mighty conquerors of time,
Stirred not a pulse in that fond maiden's heart.
She staid not to peruse the classic face
Of young Augustus, nor lingered to discern
Benignity in Trajan's countenance—
But sped, with fawn-like and familiar step,
Unto the threshold of a cabinet.
Her eye grew brighter, and a burning flush
Suffused her cheek, as, awe-subdued, she paused,
And, throwing back the ringlets from her brow,

With a light bound and rapturous murmur, stood
Before the statue of the Grecian god.

"They tell me thou art stone,
Stern, passionless, and chill,—
Dead to the glow of noble thought,
And feeling's holy thrill:
They deem thee but a marble god,
The paragon of art,
A thing to charm the sage's eye,
But not to win the heart.

"Vain as their own light vows,
And soulless as their gaze,
The thought of quenching my deep love
By such ignoble praise!
I know that through thy parted lips
Language disdains to roll,
While on them rest so gloriously
The beamings of the soul.

"I dreamed, but yesternight,
That, gazing, e'en as now,
Rapt in a wild, admiring joy,
On thy majestic brow —
That thy strong arm was round me flung,
And drew me to thy side,
While thy proud lip uncurled in love,
And hailed me as a bride.

"And then, methought, we sped,
Like thine own arrow, high,

Through fields of azure, orbs of light,
Amid the boundless sky:
Our way seemed walled with gorgeous gems,
As fell the starry gleams,
And the floating isles of pearly drops
Gave back their silver beams.

"Sphere-music, too, stole by
In the perfumed zephyr's play,
And the hum of worlds boomed solemnly
Across our trackless way:
Upon my cheek the wanton breeze
Thy glowing tresses flung;
Like loving tendrils, round my neck,
A golden band, they clung.

"Methought thou didst impart
The mysteries of earth,
And whisper lovingly the tale
Of thy celestial birth:
O'er Poetry's sublimest heights
Exultingly we trod;
Thy words were music — uttering
The genius of a god!

"Proud one! 'twas but a dream;
For here again thou art,
Thy marble bosom heeding not
My passion-stricken heart.
O, turn that radiant look on me,
And heave a single sigh —

Give but a glance, breathe but a tone,—
One word were ecstasy!

"Still mute? Then must I yield:
This fire will scathe my breast;
This weary heart will throb itself
To an eternal rest.
Yet still my soul claims fellowship
With the exalted grace,
The bright and thrilling earnestness,
The godlike, in thy face.

"Thou wilt relent at last,
And turn thy love-lit eye
In pity on me, noble one!
To bless me ere I die.
And now, farewell, my vine-clad home!
Farewell, immortal youth!
Let me behold thee when Love calls
The martyr to her truth!"

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, AT ROUEN.

A TRAVELLER'S SKETCH.

I HAVE resolved to avoid descriptions of places such as may be found in the guide-books. Were it otherwise, I would speak at length of this queer old city — a congregation of contradictions; of meanness and magnificence, of poverty and wealth. The fine old cathedral, with its Gothic architecture; its tombs and inscriptions, speaking of four centuries ago, when the English kings held dominion over this portion of France; with its two towers, near two hundred and fifty feet in height; with its immense bell, speaking in the voice of a giant; — this, alone, would fill some half-dozen pages. And then the statue of that lovely, inspired, patriotic, maniac maiden — the Maid of Orleans! I could write a volume about it. Not that the statue, which is of modern date, is remarkable; but I could hang her whole story upon it. Rouen, you remember, was taken by Henry VI. of England, in 1418,

after a siege of five months; and, in 1431, Joan of Arc was burnt alive in the public square, where her statue is now placed.

The present scene in the *Place de Joan d'Arc* is a curious one. It is the very heart of a great city; and here you may see all its palpitations. But I must pause, — or I shall overleap my resolution, — and begin to speak like a traveller who is preparing his book. Let me not forget, however, to pay a passing tribute to Joan of Arc. The Maid of Orleans is indisputably one of the most wonderful and beautiful characters depicted in the pages of history. In her case, insanity seemed to wear the very habiliments of inspiration. There was evidently no trick in her schemes. If she imposed on others, she was herself imposed upon by her imagination. Even at the age of fifteen, her career began, and while yet but a humble village maiden. While her companions were sporting beneath the fairies' tree, not far from the fountain of Domremy, — a tree once sacred to the Druids, and famous in many a ghostly tale, — Joan was singing and dancing in pious enthusiasm by herself; or, perchance, binding garlands for the Holy Virgin in the little chapel of Our Lady of Bellemont.

Such was the beginning of her career; yet at

the age of eighteen, she was the leader of armies, and animated her countrymen to deeds of victory in many a bloody field. But her story is too well known to require repetition. In 1431, she was burnt to death by a slow fire, being charged with witchcraft, by the holy church. In 1486, the holy church decided that she was innocent. Monuments were then erected to her memory, and the condemned, agonized, accursed, excommunicated Maid of Orleans, was rendered immortal. How often has it happened that a benefactor of mankind was persecuted while living, and only honored when honor was but a mockery of the insensate dust! While that dust could feel, it was an object of torture; when feeling had departed, it was worthy of imperishable monuments and undying inscriptions.

DE-TAY-A-LA'S VISION.

Early in the sixteenth century, when the peninsula which now forms the city of Boston was a wilderness, a tribe of Indians dwelt in a little village, consisting of about forty wigwams, on the easterly side, and near the top, of that high mountain afterwards called Beacon Hill.

The whole land was thickly covered with trees of primeval growth; oaks of a thousand summers threw their gigantic shadows over the settlement of the peaceful tribe.

On the rocky summit of the mountain, as if pointing to the sky, was one tall tree, — a dark, majestic evergreen, - - the far-seen guide to the spring of living water at its base. The value of this spring was apparent from the number of foot-paths seen winding from its margin in every direction around the mountain — paths not beaten by the Indian's foot alone; the wild animals of the forest all drank at the same fountain.

In the year 1505, a dreadful pestilence passed

over the land; more than half of the population were swept away by its cruel desolation.

Through the autumn of that eventful year, wherever the mighty river united with the ocean, or the rivulet with the torrent, or the limpid brook flowed noiselessly into the lake, might be seen, on the ground consecrated to the final rest of the weary wanderer, the mourning Indians weeping over the new-made graves.

The council fire was often burning; for it was known to all the Indians along the coast, that strange people, in big canoes, were visiting their shores.

Many of the aged prophets had an awful presentiment that the Great Spirit had determined to remove them from the land of their fathers, to make room for another race. They had frequent and long talks on the necessity of seeking a home nearer the setting sun; but their talks invariably closed with a lamentation for the dead.

Such was the situation of the Abenakis tribe, when, late one afternoon, as the young and beautiful De-tay-a-la, the only surviving child of the aged sachem, was rambling down the mountain, rapt in deep meditation, the extended shadow of the signal-tree pointing to the ocean

arrested her attention. The sun was going down. De-tay-a-la stopped, and, casting a look around, her eyes finally rested on the spot where her mother, and brothers, and sisters, lay buried from her sight.

Suddenly a powerful determination took possession of her mind, and, in a kind of rapture, she exclaimed, "The time has come!"

She sprang swiftly forward, and, bounding along the path, one only feeling filled her soul. The birds were singing their sweetest notes among the thick branches over her head; but she heard them not; — the shadows of evening began to fill the dark forest, assuming unearthly yet seemingly real forms, such as had often solaced her lonely hours; but she heeded them not; — her thoughts were on a far-distant spot, and, like the arrow from her bow, onward she sped, nor paused until she reached the shore and leaped into her light canoe.

In a moment she was away, gliding across the water.

The evening was calm and bright. On such a night, the enthusiastic De-tay-a-la would often linger for hours on some promontory, picturing in her imagination fairy forms where the shadows and moonlight met upon the water;

or, wafted about in her canoe, she would muse on the almost equally unreal and shadowy traditions of her fathers.

But, on that memorable night, she sought a haven far away in the deep shades of a lonely recess, where no sound was heard save the monotonous roar of the ever-restless ocean beating upon the strand, and, at intervals, a low moaning of the wind, which at first appeared to her like a voice of sorrow, from the cliffs high above her head; and then it seemed to proceed from beneath the rocks, from the chasm where the waters rolled in darkness; — all else was still. There, amid the awful grandeur of nature's deepest solitude, the high-souled Indian maiden sought the spirit of the wilderness, to commune on the sorrows of her tribe.

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Hours had passed, the moon had gone down, when De-tay-a-la, elevated above all thoughts of her own loneliness by the sacred assurance of consolation for her tribe, returned homeward over the bay.

Thick darkness covered the land — that heavy darkness which immediately precedes the dawn of day. The council fire was still burning,

the sages of the tribe had lingered for hours with intense but mournful anxiety for some prophetic ray to guide them in their future course, when De-tay-a-la entered the circle with a countenance irradiated by thoughts of high and sacred import. All eyes were bent upon her, as she solemnly proclaimed, "A mansion is prepared for our dead — a place of rest, where the white man's foot shall never pass!" At that moment her eyes meeting the keen, inquiring glance of the aged chief her father, she continued, — "When the rising sun shall have driven the darkness into the caves of the earth, you will see, far out upon the ocean, a lofty arch thrown across the water from land to land: there our dear, departed friends shall have a quiet sanctuary; but they alone whose hearts are twined with kindred hearts reposing there, can ever see the beauties of that triumphal arch. Millions shall view it only as a dark storm-cloud, or a vast accumulation of vapor; the mariner shall sail beneath, unconscious of its existence; it will not be always visible, but it will be always there. When the east winds blow, the portals of that mighty fabric shall be thrown open; but the blast shall creep silently through the galleries where

our loved ones are sleeping, and they shall sleep on. Ages hence, when strange people shall possess this land, and call it their home, — when these winding paths around the mountain, and the shining brook in the valley below, dear to all this tribe, shall be frequented by another race, who know us not, — then, in those days, when the winds come in from the big waters, the pale-faced lad shall leave his sport in the forest, the damsel shall flee to the wigwam, the white man at the spring shall draw his blanket closer around him, and cast his melancholy glance toward the ocean; but even then our secret will be safe, for his feeble eyes shall never penetrate the veil that hangs around that aërial vault.

"The honored father, in the midst of life's career; the happy husband; the young and joyous wife; the lovely maiden, her parents' pride; the loved of many hearts, — shall sigh, and droop, and fade. Myriads shall bewail the piercing, chilling EAST WIND; but none shall ever know that it loitered in the halls of our dead, before encircling them in its cold embrace."

On the following day, that small band of the Massachusetts nation were on their way toward the setting sun.

THE

TEACHING OF THE SENSES.

The eye is but a grated pane,
Through which the clay-imprisoned soul
Looks dimly forth on earth and sky,
Yet deeming all a heaven-writ scroll.

We gaze and gaze, and sometimes dream
That these may satisfy the heart;
But, lo! an after longing comes,
Which makes the cheated dreamer start.

We feel that these are signs — not things —
Prophetic visions cast before;
And yearning fancy turns to faith,
Making us sure of something more.

The ear doth catch sweet tones around
From woman's tongue and Eol's choir;
Yet this earth-music is but one
Sweet, stolen string from heaven's lyre.

And this is whispered to the heart;
For, though the raptured sense be blest
With song, a yearning wish will rise
For something still to fill the breast.

The rose regales, yet seems to cheat,
Not satisfy, the sense it wooes;
The jaded palate turns away
From that which first it seemed to choose.

The nerve with sweet sensation thrills;
Yet languor comes to claim its turn,
And leaves the sickened soul within
For something better still to yearn.

Thus every sense exalts the soul,—
Bestows a transient draught of bliss,
Then breaks the cup, to make us thirst
For surer, purer joys than this.

They lift us to the mountain top,
Where earth and heaven in contrast lie,
And bid us spurn this lower sphere,
And spread the wing for yonder sky!

THE TORRENT BOW.

Ye mad, ye mighty waters, that do take
Your desperate, headlong course adown the steep
And ragged precipice, deafening the ear
With your tremendous voice, — have you, in your
Impetuosity, thus formed this bright,
This glorious arch? Did this fair structure, which
Doth with such silent majesty spread out
Its arms, so angel-like, above the rocks
And boiling foam, derive its heavenly being
From your so wild despair? How wonderful,
That, from the struggling of your loud, loud agony,
This thing should have been born — this thing, so calm,
So silent, so unchangeful!

Welcome be
Affliction's tears and heaviness of heart;
And let the light grow dim that sparkles in
A laughing eye; and let the roses fade
That on a young cheek bloom; and let the heart
Tremblingly beat in sorrow, that its young,
High hopes are dead, if, from its beatings sad,
Faith, steadfast faith, in the unbounded love
And wisdom of our God, hath its sublime
Existence. Yes, ah! welcome be to me
The torrent of affliction, if the bow
Of pious resignation thence be born.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

The story is briefly this: Diego, an old soldier and Castilian, was intrusted with the care of a post on the coast of Spain, called the Beacon Cliff. He occupied a cottage, from the rear of which was an access to the cliff, across a draw-bridge. The path which led to the Beacon was over rocky angles, and along the face of a lofty precipice, at the foot of which the waves of the ocean broke in deafening thunders: and it was by this path alone that the Beacon could be reached. This consisted of a strong pole, fastened to a platform of the rock, from which a bucket, filled with resinous wood, was swung. This was occasionally lighted, to give signals to the Queen's troops, or the British ships in the bay.

Now, it happened that rumors got abroad, that, for two successive nights, the Beacon was lighted, and that, too, without orders from those commanding in this quarter. The gossips of the neighborhood had two versions of the story. One was, that St. Teresa was seen in a white

shroud, flying over the cliff with a lighted torch in her hand, and igniting the Beacon: another was, that Diego was in league with certain smugglers on the coast, and that it was as a signal to them that he caused the light to be kindled. There were those, indeed,—envious of the beauty of Catalina, Diego's maiden daughter, which had smitten the heart of Gil Gomez, the handsomest muleteer of the village,—who insinuated that the light was but the girl's signal to her lover.

The British officers on the coast treated the matter more seriously. Believing, or at least fearing, that Diego was in league with the Carlists, they appointed two of their number to conceal themselves near the cliff, at night, and watch the proceedings of Diego and his family. Agreeably to their instructions, they stationed themselves on the sands beneath the cliff, but still near the cottage; being thus effectually screened from observation. They had not remained long in this position, when the muleteer Gomez came and stood at a little distance, but without perceiving them. He had evidently come to watch, as well as themselves.

It was now midnight; and, though the sky was clear, there being no moon, every object was

shrouded in darkness. The cottage, the cliff, and the projecting Beacon, could be seen in profile against the sky; but beneath this outline all was lost in deep shadow. But at length a light flashed from Catalina's window, which was then opened, and the girl stepped out upon the balcony, holding a lamp in her hand. She then descended to the draw-bridge, which she let down and crossed, and began to ascend the rocky and precipitous pathway to the Beacon.

The two British officers immediately saw that it was a case of somnambulism, but hesitated what steps to take. They feared to make the slightest noise, lest the lovely sleeper, waked from her trance, might lose her foothold, and be hurled down to destruction. But the lover, Gomez, was not thus idle and irresolute. With a foot fleet as that of a mountain deer, he climbed the balcony of the cottage, flew across the draw-bridge, and, ascending to a secure position on the rocks immediately below Catalina, began to sing, in a low voice, some verses which he had often sung beneath the lattice of his mistress.

"Girls, whose lattice late he haunted,
Merry Gil, no more enchanted,
Laughs, if frown or smile ye ply.

One thing only wins his glances,
In the churches, markets, dances,
Though a queen herself were by.
One bright star hath fixed him yonder
To a lovelier, gentler, fonder.
Must I name it?—Lina's eye!"

No sooner had the voice reached Catalina's ear, than she paused; for she had now reached the Beacon, and was about applying the light to its contents. When the song was done, the lamp fell from her hand; she uttered a scream, and fell over the cliff. Gomez had calculated well. He was immediately beneath her, at the distance of a few feet, and, as she fell, caught her in his arms. Thus the riddle was solved; and Gomez, insisting that it was not safe for Lina to stay any longer at the cottage, to perform feats of somnambulism upon the Beacon Cliff, married her, and took her away the next day

A FEARFUL PAUSE.

I HAVE heard the cannon's jar
  Mingle with the trumpet's sound;
I have heard the voice of war
  Swelling o'er the battle-ground;
But there comes a sudden hush,
  While the warriors gather breath,
More fearful than the bloody rush
  That stains the ghastly field with death

I have heard the tempest send
  O'er the hills its thunder-stroke;
I have seen the whirlwind rend,
  With a crash, the forest oak;
But the stillness oft that steals
  O'er the voices of the storm,
To the startled heart reveals
  A darker sight of Ruin's form.

There's a thing more fearful yet
  Than the battle's sound or hush;
There's a thing more full of fate
  Than the whirlwind's lull or rush;—
'Tis that dreadful pause that steals
  O'er the starched group as a spell—
When to speak each anxious feels,
  Yet cannot think of aught to tell!

LINES

ON AN ANCIENT PICTURE OF THE SIBYL.

Sibyl! it was not that thy gifted gaze
Could penetrate the counsels of the skies,
That great Apollo loved thee. 'Twas the blaze
Of earthly beauty beaming in thine eyes,
That won the hero's heart. It was for thee,
A maiden, not a Sibyl, that he wooed;
It was for thine, and not for Jove's decree,
He bent before thee. sought, and sighed, and sued.

And who shall blame, in this degenerate age,—
Now that the gods and heroes all are fled,—
Now that the Sibyl's deep-inspired page
With Lethe's lazy flood is overspread,—
Now that her oracles are dumb, her shrines
Deserted, and her temples lost to fame,—
Say, who shall censure, if the heart inclines
To scan thy beauty and forget thy name?

If, in thy day of power, the very head
Of good society and *ton*—the Nash
Or Brummel of the classic age—hath said
That thou wert but a woman,—is it rash
In us to deem it so? If high Apollo
O'erlooked thy gifts, and to thy beauty knelt,
Forgive us, lady, if such lead we follow,
And feel a little as his godship felt.

Painted by C.R.Leslie. Engr. on Steel by A.B.Durand

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

BY J. A. JONES.

I AM strangely afflicted; I am wonderfully troubled; an indescribable feeling has come over me — a sensation — "an awakening" — a fever of some perceptions, a paralysis of others. I cannot name my disease, nor analyze it; nor can I define it. It is not described in Cullen, Sydenham, Boerhaave, Dr. Pangloss, Marshall Hall, nor any other medical writer of the present age. Æsculapius saith nothing about it; Galen doth not even mention it; nor did Paracelsus, of later time, dip his goose-quill in ink to the enlightenment of mankind thereupon. Even that very wise Arabian professor of the healing art, Dr. Avicenna, is so silent upon the disease, that I am convinced it was not even known amongst the sons of Ishmael.

It is just about six months since I began to feel the symptoms. I remember, just as well as if it was yesterday, when. and where, and how,

they first struck me. I was one evening at the house of a friend, playing, with one of his daughters, the simple game called "domino." It was about the tenth game, I think, when I felt a sudden pain in my left breast, accompanied with an aptitude for sighing. I got very badly beat; but it could not have been that which occasioned the sudden attack; for my grandmother beat me, the evening before, thrice as many times, without my feeling the least disagreeable sensation in the left breast. It could not have been any thing in the *ivory*, — don't laugh, now; I don't mean her white teeth, — nor in the marble table on which we played the game; no, indeed; I should just as soon have expected evil to arise from the contact of the fair hand with which my pretty opponent moved her pieces — just as soon. It could not have been the touch of the hand. Let me think. It must have been the *ivory*. We read in the Arabian Nights, or somewhere else, of a medicine enclosed in an ivory ball, and so made to perform a wonderful cure. Why not a disease in an oblong square of the same material? "It must be the ivory," said I. So I left off playing domino.

Leaving off playing domino did not cure me;

and I grew worse daily. I did not stop going to the house of my friend, because I thought it quite probable that I might derive benefit from listening to the very sweet singing and very delightful playing of my little opponent at domino. She was a very good-natured girl, and did all she could to drive away my disease, by singing to me sweet songs and sweeter hymns, and by playing Haynes Bayley and Beranger over and over again. But all this only seemed to aggravate the old symptoms, and to bring on new ones. In many respects, and in most of the symptoms, the disease seemed like the dyspepsy; for I had, at times, an intolerable languor, and at other times a fiery activity, a beating of the heart, a headache, no appetite for food, low spirits pretty generally, with, at particular times, slight alleviations; an intolerable restlessness, especially between sunrise and the hour for morning calls; and an indisposition to sleep worthy of Lord Brougham or Alfred the Great.

Other symptoms obtruded themselves, of a singular nature, still more perplexing to medical men, and still more dangerous to myself;—an unaccountable hankering to be left with not more than one in the room; an involuntary

anxiety to be taking the hand of that same person; a voluntary twisting of the lips into a peculiar and most particular shape; an extreme and most appalling nervousness, that sometimes, before I knew what I was about, would make me clasp my room-mate in a manner by no means equivocal, and scarcely to be endured by a full-grown person of the gentler sex. Tears I had sometimes; and then I generally became very eloquent, and, in the language of Scripture, lifted up my voice, though I liked a low whisper better.

I have lived through a half year: another has commenced, and I am no better. I am, in truth, very much distressed with my disease. I have consulted Dr. Jackson, and Dr. Shurtleff, and Dr. Ware, and three Philadelphia doctors, and the famous Dr. Sangrado, who, as usual, advises blood-letting; but none of them can do any thing for me. I have still the same inclination to play domino; have headaches, heart-burnings, low spirits, no appetite, and the hankering to be alone as aforesaid, and the voluntary puckering as aforesaid, and the nervousness. Walking helps me some; but it is only when I walk in a particular path and di-

rection. I might as well walk on the treadmill with a view to relief, as to walk in any path save one. I must walk from my own box W. N. W. ½ W, thirty-eight rods and six feet, to feel my exercise beneficial. Going to church gives me great relief; especially does the music; my heart beats time to the treble, that particular part affecting me to such a degree, that I have actually experienced relief from walking home from the church with one of the treble singers. Strange disease! Was there ever the like? I must get cured, or killed.

I said that I must find a remedy for my disease; that I must consult some other physician. I have done so; I have been to a certain Dr. Brownlocks, and have obtained sensible relief. Some of the symptoms have disappeared; others have acquired a new character — *diagnosis* I think it is called. The headache is gone; the beating at the heart has become a pleasure — so much of positive enjoyment, that I do not wish to be cured of it; the low spirits have gone on a tour to the Red Sea; and for appetite, why, the less I say about that, the more there will be of refinement in my language. The

hankering to have the party consist of— two, and the puckering up of the lips, and the nervousness I spoke of, are all upon me stronger than ever; but my physician thinks them no particular cause of alarm; nay, has symptoms of laboring under the same malady. And now I will tell you how I was cured. Gentlemen, hats off; ladies, please drop your best courtesy to my estimable physician, who, though with a curly head, wears not the professional wig.

It was in the pleasant month of June, when I found myself at the house of my friend in *the* room, and, for the first time in many months, again playing domino with the same person with whom I had played it some six months before. We commenced it, and continued playing and playing, till at last it was sunset — bright sunset, with its glorious refulgence thrown over the whole west, and fringing the massy clouds with glittering, yellow sunlight. To-day my opponent was very annoying — very, — stealing my pieces, cheating in the marks, &c. I could not wrap her knuckles as I would a school-boy's; so I had to take fast hold of her hand, and keep it so tightly locked in mine, that she could not use it for my further annoyance. Holding one hand is not holding both; a griev-

ance only half remedied is a grievance still, as any philosopher will tell you; so, to do away all mischief, and all pretence for it, I took her other hand. She knew it would be useless to struggle; so she remained as peaceable as a lamb. Just then came on the fit of the lips, and the nervous spasm; and under their sad influence I drew her forward, and — O dear! I don't know how it is — our lips met, and I kissed her once, twice, thrice, and again and again, and I am not sure — for I was a good deal flurried — but several times after that. She burst into tears, and her head dropped on my shoulder. I have only to add that Dr. Brownlocks is now my wife.

I'VE NAILED MY COLORS TO THE MAST.

BY J. A. JONES.

To —— ——.

I've nailed my colors to the mast;
The anchor of my hopes is cast:
Come life or death, come weal or woe,
I shall not change my faith below

I shall not change. She that I love
Is soft and gentle as the dove;
The breeze no glossier ringlet stirs,
Earth hath no rubier lip, than hers.

I cannot change. So oft mine eye
Has seen her light foot tripping by,
That, by my fears — oft urged in vain —
I cannot rend away my chain.

I've nailed my colors to the mast;
The anchor of my hope is cast:
Come life or death, come weal or woe,
I shall not change my faith below.

Painted by Thos Cole

Engraved by Jas Smillie

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

THERE are three kinds of affectation, to which a large portion of mankind are addicted. Shakspeare said — without one particle of truth, nowever — that "he who hath not music in his soul, is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils!" The interpretation of this is, that he who has not an ear for music is a scoundrel; — to avoid which appellation, every body professes to love music; though, to my certain knowledge, many very excellent people hate it.

Every body pretends to be fond of pictures, — every body except my friend Parson Flint. He is an honest man, — a perfect transparency, — and he confesses that he could never *raise* a picture; by which he means that to his eye the canvass even of Raphael is but a flat surface, without distance or perspective, and possessing not the slightest resemblance to the world of realities. Such honesty of confession is rare, — and perhaps such inaptitude of perception, also. But how many persons are there, who know nothing and feel nothing of the

beauty of paintings, who yet talk of them in terms of rapture, bestow upon them all the admiring epithets in our language, and pretend to point out their peculiar beauties with the air of that compound of science and sensibility — an amateur!

The third species of prevalent affectation is that of the love of nature — a love common upon the lips, though seldom in the heart. Not but that every eye may see and appreciate the difference between a fair sky and a foul one, between a winter landscape and one that is redolent of spring. There are few who do not perceive beauty in flowers, in rushing waters, in waving woods, in far-off mountains wreathed with azure, in meadows decked with blossoms as a gaudy queen with gems. There are few, indeed, who can resist the appeal of these to the heart; but if there are any such, they are generally ostentatious pretenders to the love of nature. I know of none whose souls are more truly dead to the voice of God speaking through his works, than those upon whose lips you constantly hear the words "beautiful," "exquisite," "delightful," "charming," "superb," "romantic," "delicious," &c. &c.

I cannot illustrate what I mean better than by giving a sketch from life. You must know, fair reader, that I am a country gentleman, and a bachelor; and, living near the metropolis, I am often visited by my city acquaintances, especially about the time of strawberries and cream. It was but yesterday that I was favored with a call from Miss Eleanor Flower, whom every body in town — who is any body, — knows to be a lady of the first rank and fashion. She has had all the advantages which wealth can give, — such as instruction, travel, society; to which may be added the experience of thirty years confessed, besides some half dozen more concealed behind curls and lace, and the necromantic arts of the toilet.

Now, Miss Eleanor Flower is a lively lady; and yesterday was a fair, bright day; and June, you know, is the zenith of our year. So we met joyously; and we walked forth into the garden, and then nothing would do but a ramble through the woods. On we went, Miss Flower, my simple niece, Alice Dunn, and myself. Every thing was indeed beautiful; and, for once, my city visitor seemed to *feel*. She had, it is true, the usual sign of affectation and stupidity — the constant use of

such words as "fine," "exquisite," "beautiful," "charming," — those unmeaning generalities by which those who are conscious of some hypocritical pretence, endeavor to hide their hypocrisy. But still these terms were uttered with such warmth by my fair friend, that for a time I was deceived. I began to feel that she had a soul; and her hazel eyes really looked sentimental — a fact which goes far to prove a theory I have long maintained, that there is a power about women at certain times, which resembles, in no small degree, the fatal fascination imputed to the rattlesnake — a power which binds its victim in a spell of bewildering delight, yet only to draw him on to destruction.

Our little party wandered on through the woods for more than an hour; and all was delightful. Miss Flower fairly exhausted the vocabulary of pleasure; and nothing seemed amiss, except now and then she was a little horrified at a toad — or she screamed slightly at a bumble-bee that buzzed saucily in her ear, because he was disturbed in his breakfast of nectar amid the wild honeysuckles — or perchance she made the rather ungraceful and impatient sign of the mosquito upon her per-

son — a sign which can only be forgiven by those who look upon women as human creatures, and not as angels.

At last we were fairly tired, and all three sat down upon the bank of a rivulet to rest. I was seated apart; and, as the two ladies were arranging some little matters of dress, which had been disturbed by the thorns and brambles of our walk, it was proper for me to appear absorbed in a brown study. I therefore looked into the brook, and was soon considered as out of earshot by my companions. My feelings were, however, so much interested in Miss Flower, that I distinctly heard the following conversation:

Miss F. Really, the country is a horrid bore. It may be well enough to talk about; but what is it, after all? Bugs and bumble-bees, and toads and mosquitoes! These are the whole of it.

Alice. But you seem to forget the flowers you praised so much a short time since.

Miss F. Flowers are very well; for they furnish designs for the milliners. But art is superior to nature; for artificial flowers do not fade and fall to pieces; besides, they have a pleasing effect upon a bonnet or a flounce,

while natural flowers, even according to the poet, are often

> "born to blush unseen,
> And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

No, no; flowers are nothing in themselves; but they are turned to good account by art. Thus a flower suggested that beautiful dress of the time of Henri IV., in which a lady was attired so as to have the form of a blossom — the high, pointed ruff representing the calyx; the head, dressed long and smooth, was an image of the pistil.

Alice. But what do you think of the woods? You spoke of them in terms of rapture, a short time ago.

Miss F. O, that's a mere matter of fashion. You must talk in that kind of way. But what can be more detestable than to toil along in a rough path, spoiling your dress, growing red in the face and neck, and tormented with mosquitoes? It's enough to ruin the temper of a saint. No, no; one must go to the country once in a while, and take a walk in the woods, just to speak of it. But that's the whole. It is sometimes necessary to be sentimental; for there are some persons who are taken with

that sort of thing, and there is no way of introducing sentimentality so easily as to speak of the country. Very young men and very old bachelors are caught with thin webs; but they must be spread in the country. You must talk of love in a cottage; of shady walks; of retired woods; of winding dells; of grottoes cooled by waters breathing forth soft music; of twittering birds, billing, cooing, and building nests; of morning, with its refreshing dews shining like diamonds on every leaf; of evening, made for lovers, and the moon, that favors all, yet reveals nothing.

Alice. Really, this is quite a new view of things. Pray, were you not in earnest when you were speaking to my uncle so warmly about the "romantic eloquence of twilight," — as you called it?

Miss F. In earnest? Why, Alice, are you yet a child? Do you really suppose I could be in earnest? It is very well, no doubt, to talk about evening, and twilight, and the starry canopy of heaven. But while you are walking along, discoursing of these things, it is ten to one that a horn-bug smites you full in the face.

Alice. A horn-bug?

Miss F. Yes, a horn-bug — saucy thing! — and I'd rather meet a man in the dark than a horn-bug!

This remark drew an exclamation from Alice; and I could not forbear turning round and looking the two ladies in the face. This put a sudden stop to the dialogue; and now, being fully rested, we set out and returned home. Miss Eleanor Flower soon departed; and I forgot her in reading the following description of a genuine child and lover of nature by old Davenant:

"To Astragon Heaven for succession gave
One onely pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flow'rs grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

"Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;
And her minde's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem.

"She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone.
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart,
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

"She never had in busie cities bin;
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

"But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business filled the houres:
In Spring she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In Autumn, berries; and in Summer, flowers.

* * * *

"Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend
In maid's weak wishes her whole stock of thought.
Fond maids, who love with minde s fine stuff would mend,
Which nature purposely of body's wrought."

ABSENCE.

BY MISS LEE.

O, WEARY, weary is my heart;
I cannot smile to-day:
Though sunshine bathes the outer world
In colors warm and gay,
I may not look: a dark eclipse
Hangs o'er the world within,
And throws its mournful shadows o'er
Each place where he has been.

My garden-haunts are dressed with buds
Of full and brilliant dyes;
And once I prized the smallest one,
Because it met his eyes.
But now, although their summer home
Teems with luxuriant bloom,
To me they seem but worthless weeds,
That blossom on the tomb.

But a few weeks ago, we sat
Beneath yon moss-grown tree,
And as he plucked a wreath of flowers,
He named them all for me,

Till every petal whispered low
A tale of happy fate.
Alas! my garden now, for me,
Must be quite desolate.

Nay, ask not for those songs once breathed
In love's enchanted ear.
Their soft, sad cadence would awake
Memories I could not bear.
How often did they rise for him
Within our favorite spot!
Methinks 'twould break my heart to sing
Those songs where he is not.

'Twas my own spirit lent a spell
Unto each burning lay,
When, in another's words, I told
The love I yearned to say.
Those words are all unchanged, with which
Such rapture once was born.
Why seem they strange? O, 'tis my heart
That's out of tune, this morn.

Would he were here! I bend above
Each page of old romance;
But, while I read, before my eyes
His image seems to glance;
Till blinding tear-drops fall so fast,
They blister every line,
And recklessly I throw it by,
To sit again and pine.

O, 'tis a hard and chilling lot,
An agony of woe,
To say farewell to cherished friends,
For some strange clime to go;
But worse, far worse, to dwell within
The haunts where once they moved,
And find each slight, familiar thing
Call back the lost and loved.

Home! ah! I've learned from my own heart
Where lie the mystic keys
That open to the spirit all
Thy dearest sympathies.
No matter where, if friends abound,
Our home is in that spot;
And, O, methinks no place is home
Where the beloved are not.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *April* 4.

"HOW COULD I MURMUR OR REPINE?"

BY J. A. JONES.

He sang unto his love this song:
"I'll quit for thee the glittering throng;
The noisy throng I'll quit for thee,
And any where I'll go with thee.

"Thou canst not name a spot so lone,
But where, if thou wilt be mine own,
Unto that place, by land or sea,
Love of my soul! I'll fly with thee.

"Mine could but be a happy lot,
Whilst thou, sweet creature! graced my cot;
How could I murmur or repine,
Whilst those dear eyes beamed love on mine?

"Whilst thy soft hand my own retained
In fondest clasp, what bliss were gained!
How could I murmur or repine,
Whilst that white hand reposed in mine?

"When, day by day, we heard alone
Affection's calm and soothing tone,

How could I murmur or repine,
Whilst those sweet lips were pressed to mine?

"Thy gentle bosom for my cheek,—
In trouble, thy kind voice to speak,—
Thy heart to whisper peace to mine,—
How could I murmur or repine?

"And if, as I have ever thought,
True love is from the Godhead caught,—
Beside so bright and blest a shrine,
How could I murmur or repine?

"Thou canst not name a place so lone,
But where, if thou wilt be mine own,
Unto that spot, by land or sea,
Love of my soul! I'll fly with thee."

SONG.

Which is the finest feature
  Of a lovely woman's face?
Which to the gentle creature
  Adds the greatest grace? —
Neck, or eye, or brow,
Cheek, or lip, or mou'?

I think that a red lip pouting
  Is a very charming affair;
And 'tis past all sober doubting
  That Harriet's head of hair,
Glossy as a heron's wing,
Is a very bright and lovely thing.

But, after all, *the* feature
  Of a lovely woman's face —
What to the gentle creature
  Adds the greatest grace —
Is the word, and look, and tone,
That proclaim her all your own.

STANZAS.

No bugle must sound:
Ye bright, waving banners, stoop low!
Let your lances with cypress be bound—
Let the drums be all silent in woe!

The bravest in fight—
The pride of our glory—is slain!
On the war-cloud, to mansions of light,
His spirit has sped from the plain.

East Florida, 1840

THE SERENADE.

THE FLATTERER.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A LADY AND HER MAID.

Lady. NAY, Florence, do not flatter me. I hate flattery. Tell me the truth. What did Sir Charles say?

Maid. He said you had the finest form he ever saw.

Lady. Pshaw! nonsense! You said he spoke of my eyes. What did he say of them?

Maid. I am afraid I shall offend you.

Lady. Offend me? Why?

Maid. You said you did not like flattery.

Lady. Nor do I. I hate it. I hate flattery. But what said Sir Charles about my eyes?

Maid. He said they united the softness of the opal with the brilliancy of the diamond. He said they became one whose dignity would have been forbidding, had it not been redeemed by so much grace.

Lady. Was that all he said?

Maid. Yes, lady.

Lady. Are you sure?

Maid. Yes, I am sure, my lady.

Lady. Well, Flora, this is the same dress I wore when Sir Charles said those things of me; is it not?

Maid. The same.

Lady. Florence, you are a good girl, and I beg you to accept this brooch; but do not flatter me more. I wish you would not tell me those things of Sir Charles. I hate flattery above all things.

Maid. (*Aside.*) No doubt; witness this beautiful brooch!

ON ABSENCE.

Friendship and love, divinely sung,
In many a poet's lay I hear;
But I, though sanguine still and young,
Too long have ceased to know them near.

And were there none who owe me these,
And none to whom the debt is owed,
It would not steal an hour of ease,
Nor give my heart a moment's load,—

To know that through my best of youth
Its lot in loneliness is cast,
With nought to cheer, and nought to soothe,
Save idle memory of the past.

But when I think of those whose eyes
Have warm and tender looks for me,
United by those kindred ties,
Which time may wear but never free,—

Of those with whom my early years
In boyish innocence were spent,—
I give perforce my soul to tears,
Which else could find no other vent.

How oft I wished, in those past times,
To view the earth through all its range,
The gorgeousness of tropic climes,
And ocean, glorious in each change!

But not all beauty God hath shed
On ocean, continent, or isle,
Is worth one joy which home hath bred,
One gentle look, one pleasing smile.

"BORN BUT TO DIE."

"Born but to die!" Alas for all!
Formed to decay, and raised to fall!
For all that holds the lingering eye,
Born but to die,—born but to die!

O dread decree! O fatal truth!
Scarce felt in man's exulting youth,
When pleasure seems too sweet to fly,
And hope is born,—born but to die!

I mark the tint on Beauty's cheek;
I hear her voice in music speak:
That bloom, that tone, but wakes my sigh
For Beauty's spell,—born but to die!

I mark the enthusiastic boy:
Song fills his soul with hope and joy;
Immortal longings, swelling high,
Thrill his young breast,—born but to die!

I mark the man whose sterner schemes
Have banished youth's impassioned dreams:
What can his earnest toil supply
To evade the curse,—born but to die?

I gaze upon a glorious scene —
The round earth clothed with living green,
The rolling main, the sapphire sky:
"And were ye, too, born but to die?"

"Chaos hath been where now we be —
Blue sky, green earth, and rolling sea;
And chaos here again shall lie:
"Mortal we are, — born but to die!"

What, then, shall live? From out the gloom,
That broods o'er nature's future tomb,
I hear a solemn spirit's cry,
"Seek ye and find what shall not die!"

THE DECLARATION

It is a melancholy evidence of the depravity of man, that the severest of human maladies, the acutest of mortal sufferings, are standing themes of caricature, jest, and ridicule. Thus, for instance, a person afflicted with the tooth-ache is an object of general derision; and he is usually passed by with the heartless remark, "That fellow wants an application of cold steel!" One who is suffering from homesickness, or even from seasickness, is often treated in the same unfeeling manner.

But, of all complaints that flesh is heir to, *lovesickness* is doubtless the most excruciating. And yet, exactly in proportion to its malignity, this disease seems to excite the sneers of a cold, unsympathizing world. Nay, woman — gentle, tender-hearted woman — she who hath sympathy for all other sorrows — seems to find occasion for mirth in the agonies of this horrid malady. It is true that some old maids seem to have a

proper sense of the wickedness of mocking those who are suffering from this disease; but those who are about the age of seventeen, are often utterly destitute of such feelings. I have known — whether in my own experience, I shall not say — a girl, who, in other respects, sustained a fair character, to titter outright at seeing a man fall down at her feet in a paroxysm of this complaint. Alas! alas! to what a state of sin and misery, hath that slip of our mother Eve, reduced her descendants!

All this might seem incredible, if it were not matter of notoriety. There are few, indeed, who have not had their share of bitter experience, to demonstrate the verity of what we affirm. But, if the facts are clear, the philosophy, upon which they rest, is involved in mystery. Why are these things so? This is a question which must be left to some future Locke or Newton. But there is another practical question, which each one should put himself: Why is it that there are hospitals for rheumatism, and gout, and fever, and small-pox, and none for love-sickness? Why is it that there are societies, even in benighted Hindostan, for the relief of maimed rats and mice, and, throughout all

Christendom, not a convent or a hospital for those who suffer from the most bewildering and bewitching of earthly complaints?

This subject demands immediate attention; and, in an age of associations for ameliorating the condition of the human race, something surely may be done for that class of sufferers of whom we speak. While there is such an enlightened sympathy for Hindoo widows, the day cannot be far distant when the attention of the benevolent shall be directed to the relief of those who are smitten with the arrows of the most malicious of archers.

If we may be permitted to make a suggestion, we will say that this subject appeals with great force to the softer sex. We are of that class, who believe, indeed, that the lamp of earthly charity would go out forever, if woman were not, day and night, replenishing it with oil from the fountain of her generous bosom; and especially we believe, that she alone can hope to alleviate or remove the calamity of lovesickness — a disease which seems to fall with peculiar severity upon the sterner sex. If a woman is ever affected with it, it is usually of such kind or degree, that she keeps it to herself. May we, then, not hope and expect, that woman

will dedicate herself to the mitigation and cure of this fearful malady?

With these brief hints, it might be proper for us to dismiss this subject; but we cannot forbear remarking, that *females* (we must be permitted to use this technical word in a treatise so scientific as this) who have a tendency or aptitude to excite the malady of lovesickness, are often found to possess a peculiar skill or capacity for curing it. It would seem from this that there may be more truth than elegance in the adage, "The hair of the same dog," &c. We may add to these observations, that, in this disease, practice is better than theory, and nature is superior to philosophy. If a hospital should arise from these suggestions, and Miss Martineau should be elected president, we would respectfully suggest, that females rather younger than she is, should be employed to nurse the patients.

We cannot better illustrate our remarks, and enforce the importance of our subject upon the reader, than by directing his attention to the picture entitled "*The Declaration.*" It might seem that this word would need no explanation; but it may be proper to say that, technically, it signifies that act of madness to which the

disease of which we are treating, usually leads. There are many — alas! very many — who have experienced that throbbing of the heart; that bewilderment of the brain; that tottering of the knees; that trembling of the hand; that faltering of the tongue; that rushing of the blood; that tempest of mingled hope and fear; that awful setting of life's dearest wishes upon the hazard of a die — which attends the act of frenzy, sometimes called "popping the question!" Who that has passed through such a scene, fails to look back to it, in after years, with wonder, that his faculties ever recovered from the wreck, the abandonment, the confusion, of that awful moment?

O woman! woman! thou who canst cast such a potent spell over man, — thou who canst hurl down from his supremacy the acknowledged lord of creation, and humble him at thy very feet, like the spell-bound bird, fallen and fluttering before the fascinations of the serpent, — as thy power is great, see that thou abuse it not; see that thou exercise it generously! On this interesting occasion, we would appeal to the sex individually, (for, according to our experience, it is ever better to take one at a time,) and beg them to give this subject their serious

attention; and should it be the fate of any one of them, in the course of human events, to excite the mental malady of which we have been discoursing, let her take example from the peasant maiden in the picture, and soften the sufferings of the victim, by catching the disease with which he is afflicted. In this state of mutual suffering, go both to the nearest minister, and let him, by the aid of the church, exorcise you.

THE PILGRIM.

On a wintry night, in that remote period when Matilda, or Maud, was contending with Stephen of Blois for the crown of England, a faint tap was heard at the door of a Saxon farmer. The wife of the farmer was alone; but she did not hesitate to give admission to the applicant, though the times were troublesome, and the soldiers of Stephen, quartered in the vicinity, were understood to be engaged in some attack that night. The stranger entered, habited like a pilgrim bound for Palestine, or returning thence. The dame offered him such hospitality as her house could afford; and though her eye did not violate the reverent courtesy due to a palmer, by gazing at him, yet her curiosity was keenly excited, and, by stolen glances, she had soon taken an exact inventory of the person and dress of her guest.

He was small for a man, with a brunette complexion, but of remarkably soft skin and

delicate features. His voice and manner were peculiarly gentle, and there was a raven gloss about the ringlets of his hair, that stole out from the pilgrim hat, which gave him a feminine appearance. Women are not easily deceived by women. Men cheat them, for love comes in to blind the lynx-eyed sagacity of the sex. Not so with each other: the wily mirror of the heart suggests and detects the artifices of their kind, whom they always regard as spies and rivals. The Saxon wife, therefore, soon penetrated the disguise of the seeming pilgrim, and had no difficulty in making her out to be a woman, young, beautiful, and high bred. The rumor had come to her ears, that an attack was to be made upon a convent in the vicinity, supposed to be friendly to Maud; and she had no great difficulty in conjecturing that the attack had been made, and that the stranger was one of the inmates who had escaped from the stour. With these ideas floating in her brain, she began to put fishing questions, and soon learned that all her conjectures were right. She also ascertained that the fugitive was a niece of the queen; that her name was Blanch; and that she was betrothed to Eustace St. Maur,

a Norman knight, whose deeds of valor had filled the wonder-loving ear of the people of that day with delight.

What was now to be done? The Saxon dame conceived a strong interest in behalf of the maiden, excited partly by her personal loveliness, and partly by her danger and distress. Her husband was a stanch friend to Stephen, and was in fact a sort of commissary in his service, his duty being to supply his table with such luxuries as the gardens and parks in the vicinity could produce. The king's castle was not far distant, and the Saxon had frequent and familiar intercourse with the people in and about it. He was therefore attached to the king by his interest, and by his habits of thought and action.

To undertake to bring him into any scheme of escape for Blanch, was out of the question: indeed, it was not deemed safe to intrust him with the fact that she was in the house. After canvassing several plans, it was decided that the two females should immediately set out on foot, and endeavor to reach a village at the distance of seven miles, where it was known that Eustace St. Maur was posted with a troop of

about fifty horse. Knowing that her husband was engaged in the destruction of the convent, and would not return till the next day, the dame locked her house, and, with her gentle charge, set out on their difficult and perilous enterprise.

It was now midnight, and, though there were several horsemen in the vicinity, there was not a sound to be heard. If the silence was broken at all, it was only by the gruff voice of a watch-dog, or by the distant murmur that came from the ruined convent, the fires of which still threw a ruddy reflection upon the sky. Their route, however, lay in an opposite direction, and gradually these sounds, as well as the fire light, died away. They plodded on by a winding country road, each buried in her own reflections. Blanch thought of her danger from King Stephen and his troops, on the one hand, and the hardly less frightful alternative of throwing herself upon her lover for protection, on the other. The Saxon dame was chiefly occupied in devising answers to her husband, if he should come home before her return.

While they were thus pursuing their way as fast as the rough, frozen ground would permit,

they heard the tramp of horses in their rear. Their first idea was to fly; but whither? They were now on an open plain, with not an object at hand behind which they could conceal themselves. Their only hope was that the palmer's holy character would insure protection. They therefore went on, assuming as assured an air as possible, their limbs, however, trembling with anxiety. In a few minutes, the horsemen, about fifty in number, came up. The leader somewhat roughly addressed the two travellers, and, finding their answers vague and incoherent, caused them both to be mounted on horseback, and then rapidly pursued his march.

In about an hour, they reached a ruinous castle, and, the gate being immediately opened, they all passed in. The soldiers took their horses to the stables, and the two females were placed under the charge of a stout, gruff woman, who received sundry careful directions in a whisper, from the leader. In obedience to the directions she had received, the woman took them, through various obscure passages, to a remote room in the castle, and, without saying a word, left them to their reflections.

Blanch and her guide now began to confer

with each other, and put together the observations they had severally made. These, however, amounted to very little; for the men were generally taciturn, and, if they spoke, it was only in French, which neïther of the females understood. The conclusion at which they arrived, however, was, that the troop belonged to some Norman knight in the service of Queen Matilda, and that they had been engaged that night with some of Stephen's men, who had burnt the convent; and, finally, that they had taken two or three Englishmen, among whom the Saxon dame strongly believed was her husband. She insisted that among the prisoners, who were on horseback, and who had been stationed at a little distance from her, in the march, she could, through the darkness, make out the figure of the Saxon farmer; and, moreover, she declared she could easily detect his voice, in the low murmurs which occasionally broke from his lips.

While they were discussing these points, heavy footsteps were heard in the passage, and the leader of the troop entered the room. The hearts of both females beat violently as they saw his features by the light of the torch which he bore. His chin and upper lip were entirely

covered with a harsh, black beard; and beneath his visor, which he still wore, his eyes seemed to shoot forth a peculiarly suspicious and sinister light. His form was short and massy, and bespoke a man of prodigious strength. He now sat down, and, after taking a deliberate look at both Blanch and her companion, fixed his eyes upon the former, and spoke as follows:—

"So, this is some mummery: the seeming palmer is but a lass after all. I dare say you are a merry one. Pray, what can we do, in our castle, for your diversion, and that of your buxom friend?"

"I must know first who and what you are," said Blanch.

"Indeed, who and what *I* am? Is it come to this, that I must tell *who* and *what* I am? But no matter; you see what I am, and you will learn who I am, in time. So, what can I do for you? I am your slave, and you have but to command."

"Take me to your master, Eustace St. Maur."

This reply of Blanch evidently disconcerted the soldier, and, after a few further observations in a more respectful tone, he left the room. It was not long before he returned; but another

was with him. The first glance of Blanch told her it was St. Maur himself; but she moved not. The knight entered the room, and, casting a hasty look at the pilgrim, bent his eyes toward her companion. Having looked upon her for an instant, he turned to the soldier, and said impatiently, "Are you mocking me, Maulever? I am ill inclined for jest. I bid you beware of such sport!"

"Nay, my lord," said Maulever, "before you run me through the body, pray take a look beneath the brim of that pilgrim's hat, and tell me if the eyes are not very like a pair you have seen before."

Eustace did as he was directed. At the same time, Blanch lifted her hat. St. Maur sprang to her, and she fell into her lover's arms. Her troubles were soon over, and she then directed his attention to the situation of her generous guide. The Saxon dame had judged rightly; for her husband was really a prisoner in the castle. She was permitted to take her own way in releasing him. She went to his room in the dungeon keep, and, after upbraiding him for allowing himself to be taken prisoner, she permitted him to go forth, and take his horse. She then

mounted behind him, and they went forth, under the escort of two horsemen, armed to the teeth. The Saxon was strangely bewildered at all this; and it was not till several years after, that the shrewd wife consented to tell the whole story, and give up the advantage she held over her husband, by seeming to have sufficient power over an enemy, and that enemy Eustace St. Maur, to induce him to surrender so important a captive as the Saxon commissary.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

Sister, I blush not that thy friendly eyes
Have pierced the secret of my bold disguise;
But bless the love that kindness can impart,
Nor coldly scan the purpose of my heart.
I lonely roam to seek a noble youth,
A brave crusader in the cause of truth.
Perchance his life-blood now is ebbing fast,
While his faint lips call on me to the last.
Thanks for this cheering cup, that tender smile·
Thy silent goodness shall my way beguile.
When love is offered at a worthy shrine,
Is not the worship lofty and divine?
Affection's pledge is holy, and 'tis meet,
Even with tearful eyes and weary feet,
Thus to obey its guidance from afar,
As turns the magnet to the polar star.
Then let it not thy gentle soul surprise,
That Love's true pilgrim wears Religion's guise.

H. T. P.

FOOT-PRINTS.

A PEASANT'S cottage stood in the midst of a wide common; and, as I passed it in the morning, the scene around was wrapped in a mantle of the purest snow. This had fallen during the night; and, as the air had been still, it was of a uniform depth. Not a foot-print, as yet, had broken its surface; for the peasant had not gone forth. Not even the track of the familiar cat or sentinel dog was visible before the door. I passed on; and, as there was nothing in the scene to fix my attention, I thought no more of it at the time. But, as evening approached, I was returning to my home, and again I passed the cottage. I now remarked that the snow around it was not unbroken, as before; but it was marked by a variety of feet that had been busy during the day in walking hither and thither. There was the impress of the peasant's hob-nailed shoe; of the wife's more delicate slipper; of children's feet, of two sizes; of a cat and a dog. And these foot-prints seemed to tell what each individual had done. I did not

pause to read the minute record of each; but a hasty glance told of the labors of the peasant, and of his visits to a little thatched barn; and of the call which his wife had made upon a neighbor at a little distance. The winding and mazy tracks of the children's feet, told of the pranks and frolics of young and thoughtless life. The foot-prints of the cat showed that she had prowled beneath benches, and trees, and bushes, in search of mice; and the tracks of the dog told of his visits to the road-side to greet the passers by.

I was in a moralizing mood, and there was a meaning in this scene, to me, which I did not forget. It seemed that each individual, as he stepped upon that carpet of snow, wrote the history of every act, and left it legible to all eyes; and I thought to myself, were it really so in all our thoughts and actions, how often would the writing be such as we should be glad to efface! And then, again, it occurred to my mind, that such a record is actually kept, written in more enduring characters than foot-prints in the snow!

THE END.

MAR 1 2 1932